

THE PROGRESS  
TO HISTORY

**MAHARANA BHUPAL  
COLLEGE,  
UDAIPUR.**

*Class No*.....

*Book No*.....

# THE PROGRESS TO HISTORY

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STAGE IV

THE STORY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

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## PREFACE

IN the Third Book of this Series I tried to give to young pupils a general idea of the course of national events in England from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Assuming that the child has read that book, I now deal, in turn with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, on similar broad lines, and then pass in review some of the chief events in the history of the United Kingdom from the time of James I. to that of Queen Victoria.

It has been no light task to select the topics for treatment in such a small compass, but the guiding principle has been rather to impart ideas than to crowd the narrative with facts and names, while it is assumed that the pupil who uses this book is going on later to Stages V. and VI. of this Series in which events in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> nineteenth century are more fully described.

The illustrations, like those of the earlier books of this Series, are taken from contemporary sources.

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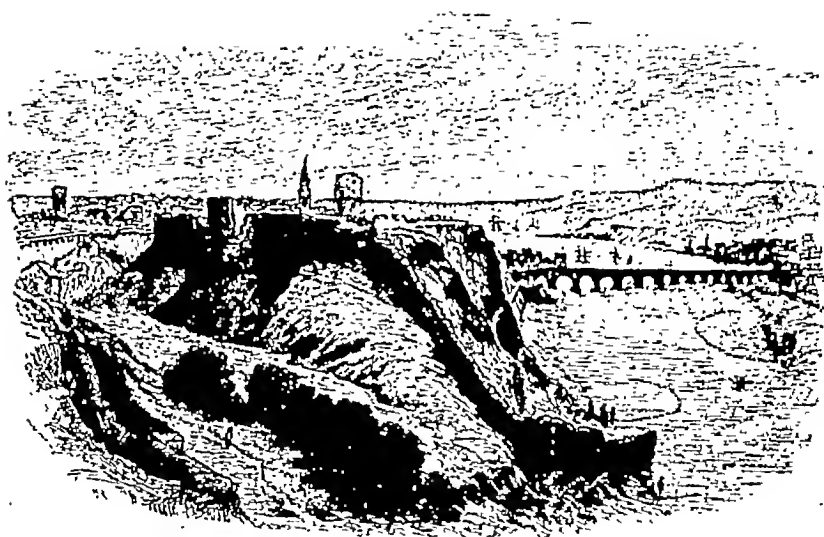
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BERWICK-UPON-TWEED BEFORE THE TIME OF RAILWAYS.

THE  
PROGRESS TO HISTORY  
STAGE IV  
PART I



SCOTLAND BEFORE 1603

THE PICTS AND SCOTS

ENGLAND and Scotland are under one sovereign; but we must never forget that they are quite separate and distinct countries, each with its own national story. There is a very definite line of division running from the neighbourhood of Berwick to the head of the Solway Firth; and it is always interesting to see how travellers in the trains to the North usually take note of the fact that they "are crossing," or "have just crossed," the Border.

The year 1603 is a very important date in the history of both countries, because in that year King James VI. of Scotland became King James I. of Great Britain and Ireland.<sup>1</sup> Let us try in the first

<sup>1</sup> Strictly speaking, "King of Great Britain, *France* and Ireland," a title which was kept for about two hundred years after the time of James I.

part of this book to get some general idea of what had been happening in Scotland before that date.

You may remember that the Romans who came to Southern Britain built a wall from the mouth of the Tyne to the head of the Solway to keep back the "barbarians" of Northern Britain. If we wish to begin at the beginning of Scottish history, we must find out who these barbarians were.

The Romans called them Picts, that is, the "Painted Men," because they painted their faces and bodies to make themselves look terrible to their foes. They were close kinsmen of the Britons of the southern part of the island who fought against Julius Cæsar; but they kept longer to the custom, which seemed so strange to the Romans, of painting their bodies in this would-be terrifying manner.

The erection of that wonderful structure known as the Roman Wall must have seemed to the Picts a very great compliment to their valour, and a testimony to the fear with which they were able to inspire even the stout hearts of the Roman soldiery. The wall is well described in one of the stories of *Puck of Pook's Hill* by Rudyard Kipling, a book which every boy and girl ought to know.

Parnesius, the Roman centurion in the story, is speaking to Puck, the fairy, and the two children, Dan and Una :



THE ROMAN WALL AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

(An imaginary picture showing the Tynes and the Roman station of Pons Ælii, which is said to have been situated where Newcastle now stands. The wall with its towers can be plainly seen coming from Wallsend. From Dr. Bruce's *The Roman Wall*.)

“Just when you think you are at the world’s end; you see a smoke from East to West as far as the eye can turn, and then, under it, also as far as the eye can stretch, houses and temples, shops and theatres, barracks and granaries, trickling along like dice behind—always behind—one long, low, rising and falling, and hiding and showing, line of towers. And that is the Wall! . . .

“Along the top are towers with guard-houses, small towers, between. Even on the narrowest part of it three men with shields can walk abreast from guard-house to guard-house. . . . Thirty feet high is the Wall, and on the Picts’ side, the North, is a ditch, strewn with blades of old swords and spear-heads set in wood, and tyres of wheels joined by chains.

“But the Wall itself is not more wonderful than the town behind it. Long ago there were great ramparts and ditches on the South side, and no one was allowed to build there. Now the ramparts are partly pulled down and built over, from end to end of the Wall; making a thin town eighty miles long.

“Think of it! One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-racing town, from Ituna on the West to Segedunum on the cold eastern beach! On one side heather, woods and ruins where Picts hide,

and on the other, a vast town—long like a snake, and wicked like a snake.”

In their later attacks on the Wall the Picts were often led by Viking chieftains from the lands across the North Sea, who had landed on the shores of the Firth of Forth, or on the shores between that opening in the coast and the town of Berwick—one of the best landing-places for an invader in the kingdom.

Some of these Viking chieftains were Angles, while others were Saxons; and they used the fierce valour of the Picts for their own purposes. With the help of these wild men they overcame the civilised Britons, who were left to guard the Wall when the Roman soldiers were called back to Rome; and in time there was an English kingdom known as Northumbria stretching along the eastern region of Britain from the Firth of Forth to the Humber.

The Picts appear to have been driven more to the westward of southern Scotland. But even here they were not allowed to settle; for a race known as the Scots had crossed over from Ireland into south-western Scotland, and pressed by these tribesmen in the west and the English on the east, the Picts were driven back into the northern part of the island of Britain, where they became the ancestors of the Highlanders.

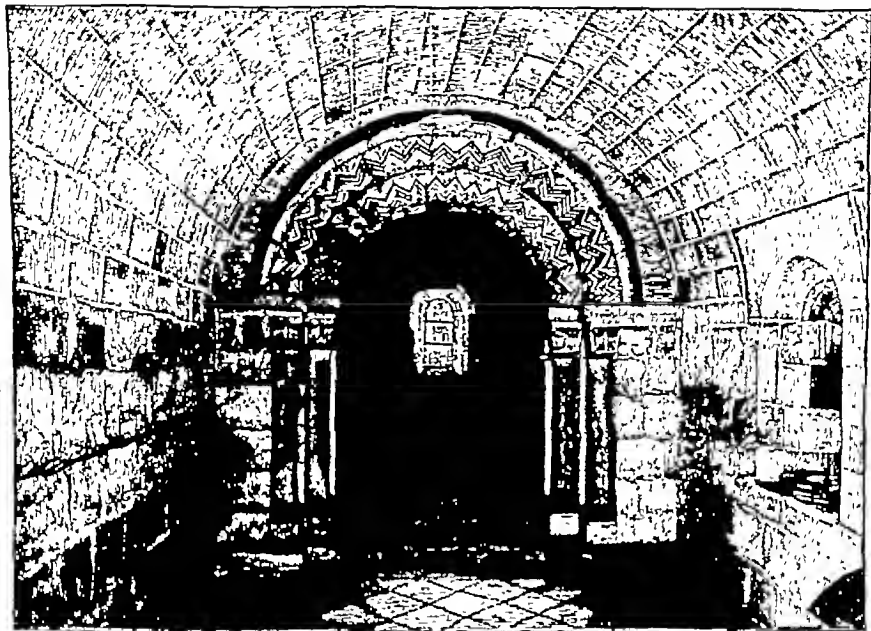
So there were in the south of what is now called

Scotland, the Scots on the west and the English on the east, ready to fight each other on the least provocation ; until at last there arose a king of the Scots named Kenneth MacAlpin, who became also king of the Picts ; and now we see the kingdom of Scotland beginning to emerge from the fighting.

The English king of Northumbria had built a fort on a hill at Dunedin, which looked out across the Forth ; and this was the beginning of the famous and beautiful city which we now know as Edinburgh. It was, in the first place, an English settlement ; but as time went on it came into the hands of the kings of the Picts and Scots, who made it the capital of the Scottish kingdom, which it has remained ever since.

It is easy to write all this down in a few short paragraphs ; but you must remember that these changes were not made in a few years. They occupied about five centuries of fierce war and continual unrest.

The oldest and one of the most interesting parts of the great castle on the rock at Edinburgh is the small dark chapel of St. Margaret. It was named after an English princess who married the Scottish king, Malcolm Canmore (*i.e.* Big-head). This king took the part of the English when William of Normandy overran the north of England at the



THE CHAPEL OF ST. MARGARET IN EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Conquest, but all to no purpose.; and his son was the first Scottish king to use English as his native tongue and to make his home in the Lowlands.

We have now brought our story down to the time when there was a king of the whole of Scotland with his capital at Edinburgh, and a king of the whole of England with his capital at London. These two separate and independent kingdoms were destined to come together after many years, but not by conquest on either side, as we shall see.

## THREE EARLY SAINTS

I COULD fill the whole of this book with tales of Columba, Aidan, and Cuthbert, to whom northern England and southern Scotland owe more than can be readily set down. But I must, for the present, content myself with telling you just a little about these early saints with particular reference to what they did for Scotland.

One day, some thirteen hundred years ago, a party of Irish monks were sailing along the south-west coast of Scotland on their way to a new home. They came at length to a small low island near the coast of Argyll which they knew had been a sacred place of the Druids, and which, it seems, they had determined to make sacred to Christ and His Cross. If the day were sunny, they might well have been encouraged to go ashore; for the long stretch of white shell-sand would look to these simple devout souls like the pearly floor of Heaven itself.

However that may be, they landed, and under their leader, Columba, proceeded to set up a number of wooden huts for their accommodation and daily worship; and this was the beginning of one of the most famous monasteries the Christian world has ever seen. Here they stayed, protected by a narrow strait from the interference of lawless roving bands,



THE RUINS OF IONA.

and yet near enough to the mainland to make the missionary work which they intended to do in Northern Britain more practicable and easy.

Some time later there came another boat to that long shore of white shell-sand, carrying a fugitive English prince named Oswald, who sought refuge from his foes. For a while he lived among the gentle monks, who wasted no opportunity of using him for their own Christian purposes ; and when, in due time, he succeeded to the throne of Northumbria, he sent to Iona for missionaries who should travel throughout his kingdom, from the Forth to the Humber, to teach the people the ways of Christ.

Teachers were sent to him, but they came back to Iona discouraged at the ignorance, savagery, and hardness of heart which they had encountered.

“ Was it their hardness or your severity ? ” asked Brother Aidan of the missionaries when complaints were made to him. “ Did you forget the Divine command to give them first the milk and then the meat ? ”

The words at once stamped the questioner as the man most fitted to undertake the difficult task ; and when Oswald asked for a bishop, Aidan was at once sent to Northumbria, and fixed his centre on Lindisfarne or Holy Island.

Here he repeated the work of Columba, making Lindisfarne in time the rival of Iona in all good works. The island was particularly convenient for work on the mainland, for “ the place,” writes the Venerable Bede, “ as the tide ebbs and flows, is twice a day enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island ; and again, twice, when the beach is left dry, becomes joined with the land.”

One New Year's Day, when the tide was high, as well as the cold north wind, I crossed this channel in a small boat and learnt a little of what life meant to the faithful missionaries of Aidan, who never spared themselves even in winter in their work of teaching the wild tribes of Northumbria.



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

One band of monks from Holy Island went along the valley of the Tweed under a monk named Boswell—you stop to-day at a little town called St. Boswells on the way from Carlisle to Edinburgh—and founded a wooden monastery at Old Melrose. Aidan himself seems to have gone southward into what are now Durham and Yorkshire: and so the work went on, the king helping the monks in every way he could, and earning for himself a reputation for saintliness. Indeed he became an example to

that greater king, Alfred of Wessex, who, at a later date, loved to read from Bede's book stories of the northern monarch and the monks of Lindisfarne.

But the chief apostle and teacher of the Scottish Lowlands was Cuthbert, whose name is closely connected with Melrose and with that part of the Border country between the Teviot and the Tweed. He was born in a poor wooden hovel on the southern slopes of the Lammermuir Hills, and appears to have become an orphan in early youth, and to have been sent out by the widow who befriended him to tend sheep upon the hill-side. Filled with poetic fancies born of his loneliness and his imaginative nature, he was lifted above the sordid surroundings in which he lived ; and he saw in a lonely horseman wearing a white cloak, who one day helped him when he had hurt his knee, an angel direct from Heaven itself.

He had heard a great deal of the saintly life of Boswell, who was the head of the monastery at Melrose, and when he learnt of the death of Aidan far away in Lindisfarne, he became a monk, and began the great work of his life.

After a time of preparation he went, now on foot, now on horseback, among the people of the Lowlands, choosing always the most remote villages and lonely shepherds' shanties, where he knew his work would be hardest. He himself was a Lowland shepherd,

and, knowing the language and ways of the peasantry, he was more acceptable to them than the Irish monks from Iona, who had found it necessary to speak to the people by means of an interpreter.

He was very patient, full of fun, and strong in body, cheering his pupils and his followers when their hearts were downcast, or when they lost courage at the roughness of the way and the privations which they had to undergo. "No man will die of hunger who serves God faithfully," he would say. And one story tells how he obtained a toothsome meal from a fish which an eagle let fall in its flight far above him. Such a timely gift must indeed have appeared to him and his followers to have come direct from Heaven itself.

Thus the work went on, and wherever the monks came they not only spread Christianity, but, as a consequence, civilisation and peace; so that the marshes were drained; the rough lands were turned into smiling harvest-fields; the wild beasts ceased to frighten the peasants in their rough wooden huts on the hill-side or by the margins of the streams; and men learnt gradually that strife and warfare were not the whole of life.

After years of labour at Melrose and round about it, Cuthbert was made bishop at Lindisfarne, and the rest of his life belongs to English history. When

he had passed away and Northumbria became the prey of the Danes, all his devoted work may well appear to have been lost : but it was not so, for in after years the Christian church revived again, and both Iona and Lindisfarne became holy places, to which people flocked from all parts of the country and even from far-off lands ; and the glorious cathedral of Durham on the banks of the Wear dedicated to St. Cuthbert still reminds us of the shepherd boy of Melrose who hurt his knee when watching his sheep, and was tended by "an angel."

The Norsemen plundered Iona and Lindisfarne as they plundered almost all the other homes of the monks, but the good Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, sent builders to set up a chapel on the sacred island off the coast of Argyll. So Edinburgh Castle is linked with the Western Isles of Scotland by the memory of a Christian queen who was once an English princess ; and this brings us again to the point which we reached at the end of our last chapter, and shows us that Scotland and the North of England had their own early teachers of the Cross, who carried on their sacred work far away from and independent of London and Canterbury.

## “SAVING MY OWN KINGDOM”

THIS chapter deals with some of the chief events of the story of Scotland between the time of the Norman Conquest of England and the decisive Battle of Bannockburn, that is, between 1066 and 1314, and its subject is the independence of the northern kingdom. We are to see how Scotland resolutely held up her head as a separate nation throughout this period of almost continual struggle.

When William the Norman had conquered England to the south of the Humber, he marched farther north and laid waste the country with fire and sword. He certainly “conquered” the north of England, and made it quiet for a long time, but only because he had turned it into a wilderness. Many of the people of these parts fled to Scotland, where King Malcolm and the good Queen Margaret welcomed them; and for a time it seemed as if the Scottish king and his English queen might be strong enough to send William back to Normandy and rule as sovereigns of a “United Kingdom.” But it was six hundred years too early for that.

You will see, if you look at the map, how William the Conqueror, by laying waste the northern part of England, helped to make the Scottish kingdom still more separate and distinct, and to fix the Border

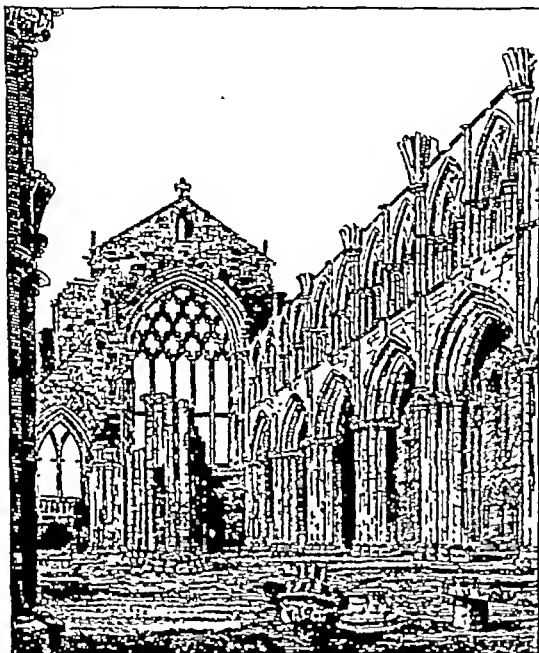
roughly where it now lies, across the broad-backed Cheviots. In our own day these hills are lonely and dreary enough for a great part of the year, but in the time of the Conqueror they must have separated England from Scotland quite as effectively as a broad channel of the sea.

Of course William the Conqueror had his dreams of a single kingdom in the island of Britain, and he went into Scotland to assert his claim as "overlord," but there was nothing real or lasting about his hold upon the northern kingdom. When his son, William Rufus, came to the throne, he sent for Malcolm Canmore to come to Gloucester and bow the knee to him; and though the Scottish king did make the journey, he refused to do homage to or "become the man" of the English king, and said that he would treat with him "on the border of his own kingdom." Then he went back, marched an army into Northumberland, and was slain in battle at Alnwick, with his eldest son by his side.

So we see Malcolm "Big-head"—and big heart too—giving his life to show that he considered Scotland a separate and independent kingdom. His wife died at Edinburgh shortly afterwards, and she is known in history as St. Margaret.

The next great figure in the struggle is David I., who has been called "the maker of Scotland." You

must think of him when you go on a holiday to Southern Scotland, and visit the beautiful ruins of



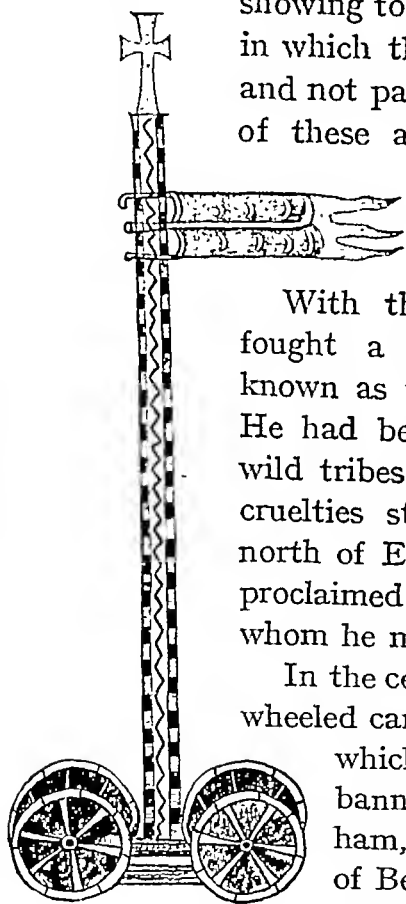
his famous abbeys: Holyrood at Edinburgh, near which our King lives when he visits Scotland; Melrose, most beautiful of all the abbeys of the Border country, which contains the heart of Bruce; Dryburgh, where Sir Walter Scott lies buried; Kelso, near the lovely Tweed; and Jedburgh, perhaps the most stately of the group.

Now these beautiful churches ought to remind you that in building them David I. was doing more than

making places of worship for his people. He was showing to all the world that the district in which they were built was Scotland, and not part of England; for the rulers of these abbeys would not take the English archbishop of York as their head as he wished them to do.

With this archbishop King David fought a fierce battle in Yorkshire, known as the Battle of the Standard. He had behind him a great army of wild tribes from the Highlands, whose cruelties stirred up the whole of the north of England; and the archbishop proclaimed a holy war against the Scots, whom he met at Northallerton.

In the centre of his army was a four-wheeled car, with a pole fixed in it, on which were hung the sacred banners of St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and Saint Wilfrid of Ripon. Perhaps the archbishop was thinking, as he arranged this "Standard," of those abbeys of King David to the north of the Tweed which did *not* bow to his rule. However



that may be, in spite of the fierce valour of the Scottish Highlanders, the English won the day; and King David himself was forced to make the best of his way to the city of Carlisle, which he claimed and held and lived in until his death some fifteen years later.

The next prominent figure in the long line of Scottish kings is William the Lion, who reigned for about fifty years, and died just one hundred years before Bannockburn. You may find it convenient to remember that during part of the period of his reign, Richard of the Lion Heart was King of England.

It was partly in support of Richard Cœur de Lion, that William the Lion marched into Northumberland; for that young English prince, then a youth of seventeen, had rebelled against his father Henry II., and found the Scots ready enough to help him. But William was captured at Alnwick in Northumberland and sent away to Normandy as a prisoner. Now note carefully what happened. In order to obtain his freedom, the Scottish king promised to hold his kingdom under the English king as his overlord, and for fifteen years this arrangement lasted.

But if during that time the English king had tried to rule the Scottish *people* as he ruled his own, he

would have found that he had no real hold on the northern kingdom ; for it is one thing for a king to bow the knee in order to gain his own personal freedom, and quite another thing for his people to take a foreign king as their master.

Besides, as I have said, the arrangement lasted for only fifteen years : as soon as Henry II. had passed away, the " overlordship " of England became even less real ; and when William the Lion came to visit King John at Lincoln, he took him as overlord, " saving his own kingdom," that is to say, he became John's " man " only for the lands which he held as an English nobleman, and not as the king of Scotland.

So the constant struggle went on ; but however kings might wrangle, the Scottish people were free and independent, as later kings found to their cost.

It was during the time of William the Lion that Scotland and France began to draw closely together ; and after his time we find these two countries doing all they can to help each other against England. You cannot hope to understand the history of Scotland unless you remember all the time this close friendship with France. For whenever English kings went to fight in France, the Scots would make a raid on the north of England ; and in their wars against England the French kings found useful

helpers in numbers of adventurous Scottish fighting men.

In our next chapter we shall see how the Scottish people finally settled the question of dependence upon England.

## WALLACE AND BRUCE

LET us now see what happened in Scotland when an English king tried to rule that country as he ruled his own.

One dark night in late winter King Alexander of Scotland was riding along the southern coast of Fife near a place known as Kinghorn, which, as I know, can be very dreary when the north-east wind blows up the Firth of Forth. As he rode onward in the darkness, his horse slipped, and the king fell over the cliff. He was taken up dead, and Scotland was left without a ruler, for the dead king had left no son to succeed him.

Alexander's only daughter had married the King of Norway, and it was agreed that her child Margaret, the "Maid of Norway," was to be brought across the sea and wedded to Prince Edward, the eldest son of King Edward I. of England; but it was carefully provided that Scotland was to remain a separate

and independent kingdom. The "Maid of Norway," however, died on the voyage to Scotland, and this arrangement was brought to a sudden end.

There were now no less than thirteen men who laid claim to the throne of Scotland; but it was soon decided that only three of these had rights which were worth considering. It was agreed to leave the final decision to Edward I. of England, who was to meet a Scottish Parliament of Lords and Commons at Norham Castle on the Tweed.

The English king travelled north well in advance of a strong army, and before giving his decision, asked to be taken as overlord of Scotland. The nobles consented, but the Commons, who stood for the Scottish nation, opposed the king's demand. The latter were, however, passed over, Edward became overlord, and gave his decision in favour of John Balliol, who "became his man" for the kingdom of Scotland. The great castles of the land were delivered into the charge of the English, and for a time there brooded over Scotland the kind of peace which is so often the prelude to a storm.

King John of Scotland seems to have been a poor creature; but even he was at last roused to resist the claims of King Edward, and he refused to obey a summons to attend an English Parliament at Newcastle. Edward marched north to Berwick.

"If he will not come to us, we will come to him," he said. The people of Berwick were cruelly massacred, and the English army marched on in triumph to Edinburgh. Balliol was sent to an English prison. Edward took homage from the Scottish nobles at Berwick, and he now called himself King of Scotland as well as of England.

But the submission of their leaders brought the Scottish people themselves to the front to assert their freedom, and they found a whole-hearted national leader in William Wallace. We know little that is certain about the facts of his life, but we do know that he was one of the first men in the whole of history to say that a nation had the right of freedom whatever its kings and nobles might arrange among themselves. It is no wonder that in later days wonderful tales were told of this hero who saved a nation, tales of his great stature and strength, and of his wonderful blade like King Arthur's Excalibur:

"The sword that seemed fit for archangel to wield  
Was light in his terrible hand."

But, leaving legend and poetry aside, let us see what this man actually did.

He gathered an army mainly from the coast regions of Eastern Scotland, and took up a strong position near Stirling, which, as the map will show



you, commands the main road from north to south. Here he waited until an English force fell into his hands, and dealt with it in such a manner that he was soon master of the southern part of the kingdom, and acting as "Guardian of the Realm" in the name of the imprisoned King John.

Then King Edward marched northward with a splendid army, and met the "Guardian" at Falkirk, where it took all his generalship—and he was a very great general—to break down the resistance of the Scottish spearmen. The English king was at length victorious, and Wallace became a fugitive; but

Edward had only won the field of Falkirk, and the Scottish people were still free. He went back to England, where he was forced to attend to other matters, for France was threatening him. But he soon came back again, Wallace was taken, brought to London, and then tried and executed on Tower Hill as a "rebel." Again the Scottish nobles became Edward's servants, and again the nation found a leader and a champion.

This was Robert Bruce. He had served King Edward, and was his "man" for wide estates both in Scotland and England; but now he became the "man" of the Scottish people, and in one of our most famous poems, written in his time, the wonderful tale is told of his fight for freedom:

" Ah, freedom is a noble thing !  
Freedom makes man to have liking !  
Freedom all solace to man gives  
He lives at ease that freely lives."

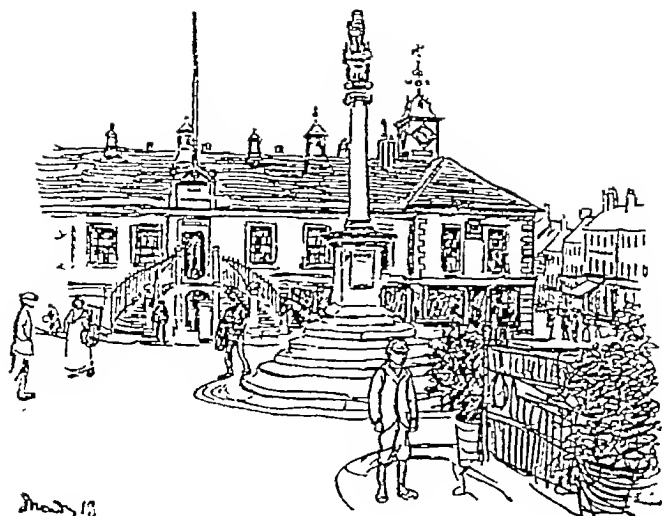
You can read the stories from this poem of "The Bruce" in the *Tales of a Grandfather*, written by Sir Walter Scott for his grandson "Hugh Littlejohn." But once more leaving legend and poetry, let us see what *this* man did, in his turn, for Scottish freedom.

In the Abbey of Scone, the ancient crowning place of the kings of Scotland, Bruce was crowned by the

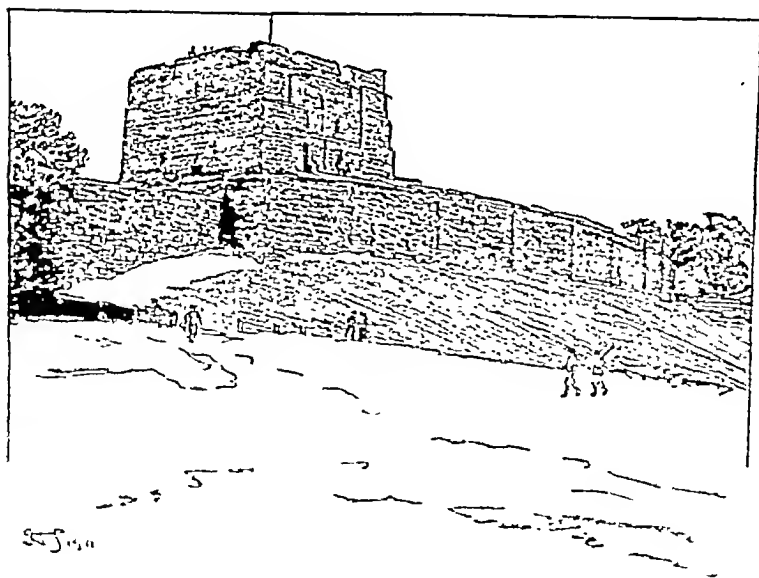
Countess of Buchan, and once more the northern kingdom was on fire. "I fear," said the wife of Bruce, "that we are only playing at royalty like children in their games." She knew only too well the strength and terrible temper of the English king, who had taken a most solemn vow to devote the rest of his life to the punishment of the new Scottish "rebel."

At first things went badly for Bruce, whose army was beaten while he himself became a fugitive and the new "hero" of the Scottish nation. For although he had for a long time wavered between England and Scotland, he was now a whole-hearted Scottish patriot, whose patience and resource in the dark days of national trouble roused the admiration even of his foes.

The rage of the old English king was terrible to behold, and when any of the followers of Bruce fell into his hands, he showed them no mercy but that of a swift death. As for the Scottish "king," Edward swore that when he captured him he would honour him by hanging him upon a gallows higher than the rest. But his boasting and anger were alike in vain. His long and great career of stormy kingship was drawing to an end, and he died near the Solway at the head of his army, and within sight of the kingdom which he had longed to join with



Steady 18



Steady 18

CARLISLE CASTLE AND MARKET CROSS.

his own, and which, to do him justice, he wished to rule in mercy and peace.

His son Edward II. was as weak as his father had been strong, fortunately for Scotland. But for a few years he was able to carry all before him, and this is the time when Bruce was hunted from place to place like a wild beast, and gradually won friends even among those who had fought for the English king. After many wanderings he began to win success. Castle after castle fell into his hands, and at last he mustered an army with which he laid siege to the castle of Stirling, the last fortress to hold out for the English king.

Edward marched to the north with a large and splendid army, and met the Scottish force not far to the southward of Stirling, on a field near which runs the stream of the Bannockburn. On each side the Scots had dug pits, which were lightly covered with earth and brushwood, so as to break the charge of the English horse.

King Edward flung his forces on the Scottish front, and his archers were soon routed by the horsemen of his foe. Then he sent his knights against the steady ranks of the Scottish foot-soldiers, who stood with spears extended. Again and again they charged but could not break those iron ranks, and at last they were forced to retire in disorder.

At this moment a band of camp-followers of the Scots came rushing over the hill on the left, and in the confusion the weary English took them for a new army. They broke and were soon in retreat, the king himself leading the headlong flight, and never drawing rein until he reached Dunbar, where he took ship for England.

After this Bruce refused to treat with the English king until he had first acknowledged him as King of Scotland, and went on with the work of winning over the rest of the country. He took Berwick, and some of his troops rode into Northumberland to burn and slay. The fighting went on for some years, but at last the English king gave up his claim to be overlord of Scotland and the battle of Scottish freedom was won.

## THE STUART KINGS

FIGHTING between Scotland and England did not cease after Bannockburn ; but we do well to look upon that battle as a landmark in British history. It led, as we have seen, to the definite recognition of the Scottish king as a free and independent sovereign, ruling a free and independent people.

"We fight," said the Scottish Parliament in

stirring words, "not for glory, truth, or honour, but for that liberty which no virtuous man will survive."

King Robert Bruce, near the end of his life, took a sacred vow to visit the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine as many people did in those days. But his last sickness came upon him, and he was unable to make the journey. On his deathbed he asked his faithful follower Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land, and when the King had passed away the brave knight set out on his sacred errand. But on the way he fell in battle against the Moors of Spain, and one of his party, having recovered the heart of Bruce, brought it back to Scotland, where it found a resting-place beneath the high altar in the Abbey of Melrose, as I have already mentioned.

We cannot trace closely the history of all the later kings of Scotland, but must content ourselves with glancing at some of the outstanding figures. On the whole the story of the country centres round one of the most famous, though not one of the greatest families in all history: this is the family of the Stewards, or Stewarts or Stuarts.

King Robert Bruce had a steward named Walter in his household, a nobleman who had certain duties to perform in attendance on his king; and this Walter the Steward married Marjorie, the daughter of



THE SEAL OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

King Robert. From this marriage came the Scottish royal family of the Stuarts, who at last united the crowns of Scotland and England. Their favourite family name was James, not a name of very happy memory in British history, as you will see.

The first Scottish king of that name spent part of his youthful manhood as a prisoner in Windsor Castle. Looking from his window one day, he chanced to see a lady walking in the garden, whose beauty moved him to compose one of the most charming poems that have ever been written. It was only fitting that when he was set free he should make the lady, whose name was Joan Beaufort, the Queen of Scotland; and she went north to help him to rule his disorderly kingdom, which was at that time enjoying rather more freedom than was good for it.

The young king vowed to "make the key keep the castle and the bush the cow," and he kept his word, forcing the unruly nobles to keep law and order, and bringing the wild and lawless Highlanders to a sense of what was meant by the peace of the king. He made enemies of course, as every strong and just ruler *must* do, and they proved at last too strong for him. He was spending Christmas at Perth when a band of ruffians burst into his castle. They found the king in the company of his queen and her ladies,

and the famous old story tells how Catherine Douglas passed her arm through the iron staple in a vain effort to bar the door.

“ Like iron felt my arm, as through

The staple I made it pass :

Alack ! it was flesh and bone—no more !

’Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,

But I fell back Kate Barlass.”

The king was mercilessly stabbed to death, and his queen took over the work of government in the name of her son. But the reign of this king and that of James III. of Scotland need not delay us long.

The fourth King James of Scotland was more noted for valour and humour than for good sense. He was fond of travelling in disguise about the country-side, and making acquaintances, who little guessed with whom they were consorting. Such a habit was sure to lead to wonderful stories being told about the wandering king, and you can read some of them in Sir Walter Scott’s poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, one of the most famous being the tale of the king’s fight with the Highland chieftain Roderick Dhu.

Of course this is not history, but the story of that brave fight ought to remind you that the Highlanders



CROWNING OF JAMES III. OF SCOTLAND.

*From the painting by Vandergoes.*

were very rebellious subjects of the Scottish kings in Edinburgh, and that one of the chief and most difficult tasks of the Stuart monarchs was to bring these wild tribes into keeping the peace.

James IV. married the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Henry VII. of England, and it was this marriage which led in time to the union of the two kingdoms, so that we must make a special note of it. The King of Scotland was now a monarch to be reckoned with, and we find James IV. becoming known among the proud kings and princes on the Continent, who had, up to this time, heard little of Scotland except as a place quite unfit for gentlemen. James was also keenly interested in ships, and Scottish war-ships began to appear on the North Sea, where they tried their mettle against the ships of England. For although James IV. had married a princess of England, he fought with that country in the good old way, and at last met his death at her hands.

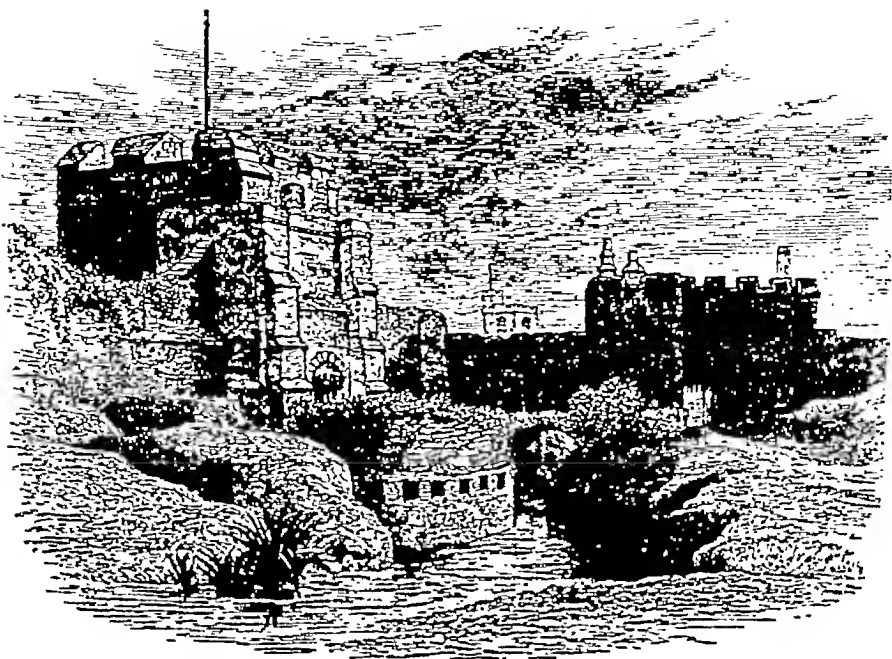
The English king, Henry VIII., went to war with France, and this gave the Scots the usual chance of scoring against the southern kingdom. James marched to the Border with a fine army, took Norham Castle on the Tweed, and then put up at Ford Castle in the north of Northumberland. The Earl of Surrey led an English army northward,

and surrounded the Scottish king on the hill of Flodden.

The battle which followed will always be famous as an exhibition of desperate valour, and you can read Sir Walter Scott's account of it in *Marmion*, or Aytoun's in his poem *Edinburgh after Flodden*; but it was not a decisive battle in either Scottish or English history, and not to be compared with the fight at Bannockburn, where a patriot king fought for and won the freedom of a nation. James IV. and the "flower of his nobility" fell bravely fighting on "Flodden's fatal field."

His son James V. also fought with England, and his defeat at Solway Moss brought the young king to an early death. As he lay on his deathbed they brought him news of the birth of his daughter Mary. "It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass," he said, summing up in a sentence the history of the Stuart royal house of Scotland. Let us see how it "went with a lass."

Mary grew up to be one of the cleverest, the most beautiful, and her enemies said, the most wicked queen in history. At an early age she was married to the eldest son of the King of France, and for a short time she was queen of that great country, and the wife of a king who is chiefly remembered for the beauty of the books in his library. Then she was



CARLISLE CASTLE.

brought back to become "Queen of Scots," and to rule in such a manner that her subjects at last sent her as a prisoner to an island in Loch Leven, and placed her little son on the throne as James VI.

The imprisoned queen made her escape, and in Sir Walter Scott's story, *The Monastery*, you can read the stirring account of this escapade, though you must not look upon it as "sober" history. Then she gathered an army and gave battle, but was defeated, and fled to Carlisle, where she begged for

the protection of the English governor. She received it, but the Queen of England, Elizabeth of glorious memory, made her a prisoner, and kept her in strict confinement for a period of some seventeen years.

Meanwhile, there were plots on the part of her friends, not only to set Mary of Scotland free, but to make her Queen of England. So for the safety of her own kingdom, Elizabeth had her brought to trial. The Queen of Scots was condemned to die; the Queen of England, after some delay and unwillingness, signed the order, and the mother of the King of Scotland was beheaded, meeting her death, according to all accounts, like the brave woman that she undoubtedly was.

The way was now clear for that union of the two kingdoms for which English kings had striven in the early days. On her deathbed Queen Elizabeth is understood to have named James VI. of Scotland as her successor, and this arrangement was agreed to by the English Parliament. So in the year 1603 the Scottish king became the first sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

I hope I have told you enough of the stirring history of Scotland to make you desirous of reading more of it when you have the opportunity. You might begin by reading Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*.



## PART II

IRELAND BEFORE 1603

## SAINT PATRICK

"I WAS about sixteen years of age, when I was brought captive into Ireland with many thousand persons." So writes Saint Patrick, who is said to have been born and brought up near the Clyde, and carried off in the above manner by Irish raiders under a king known as Niall of the Nine Hostages. If the tale is true, this was the most fortunate capture

\* \* The above picture shows a priest blowing St. Patrick's sacred horn. He was struck with paralysis for his pains.

ever made by a roving Irish king of the early days.

Patrick came as a captive to a land of warriors, but also a land which for a long time had been well ordered for those days, and on the whole well governed. For the Irish tribes had a settled plan of government from very early days under a number of tribal kings, with an over-king at Tara in the County of Meath. And though the people of this country were heathen they were not savages; for savages do not make books on parchment like the old Irish *Book of the Dun Cow*, which is full of fine stories.

A tale of these early days will show best of all how the ancient Irish respected law and order.

There was a king at Tara whose queen had a field near the palace planted with a plant named woad, from which blue dye was made—the dye which early warriors used to decorate their bodies with varied patterns. Not far away from the palace lived an inn-keeper, whose sheep broke into the queen's field and ate up the woad plants, whereupon the queen demanded damages.

The king tried the case, and said that the sheep must be given to pay for the crop: and when the people heard this decision, they felt that it was unjust, though they dared not say so.

Now there was living at Tara a young man named Cormac, who was really a prince and the true heir to the throne. He was present at the trial, and so great was his sense of justice that he broke the frightened silence by crying, "The king's doom is unjust. Let the fleeces be given for the crop—the wool-crop for the land-crop—for both will grow again."

"That is a true judgment," cried the people, "and he who has given it must surely be the son of a king." And the story goes on to tell how in time Cormac was chosen to wear the crown of the unjust king; which seems quite right and proper, as you will agree.

But to return to St. Patrick. The work of his life was to convert the Irish to the Christian faith. He confounded the Druids by argument in the presence of the king at Tara, and he made their "holy" wells really sacred by using them to baptize converts to the Christian faith. He helped to remake the laws of the kingdom in the name of Christ; he ordained bishops and priests, and sent them through the country to preach the ways of peace; and he set up many monasteries, each of which became a centre of civilisation.

"The monks and students led a busy and happy life; for it was a rule that there should be no idleness. Some tilled the land around and belonging

to the monastery—ploughing, digging, sowing, reaping—and attended to the cattle; some worked as carpenters, tailors, smiths, cooks, and so forth, for the use of the community. Some were set apart to receive and attend to travellers and guests who were continually coming and going: to wash their feet, and prepare supper and bed for them.”<sup>1</sup>

But this was not all. Before the conversion of the nation under St. Patrick, the Irish had been skilled at design in gold work and in making books on parchment; and now St. Patrick cleverly used their skill to help to carry on the work of teaching the Christian faith. The goldsmiths and silver-smiths were set to make pastoral staffs for the bishops, cups and crosses for the altars, metal work for gates and screens in the churches. It was not long before the scholars, craftsmen, and artists of Christian Ireland became famous all over Europe.

Many of the scholars who had been taught in the Irish schools left the country and went to France, Germany, Italy, and even as far as to Egypt; and when people found out what a great deal they knew, they came to Ireland in large numbers to be taught. They found a warm welcome, and if a travelling student was poor he received teaching and sometimes even food and clothing for nothing.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Joyce.



So Ireland became known throughout the world as "the Island of Saints and Scholars."

Having tasted in their own lives of the blessings which Christianity brings, the Irish became eager to carry the gospel to other lands round about them. It was an Irish monk, Columba, as we have seen, who was the means of beginning the missionary work which led to Scotland becoming in time a Christian country. It was one of his Irish followers, the saintly Aidan, who began the same holy work in the north of England, and whose life inspired Cuthbert to become the apostle of the Lowlands of Scotland.

Other bands of Irish missionaries went to the Continent, and travelled on foot from village to

village and from town to town, teaching and preaching, often in great danger of their lives. Numbers of them went to Germany, where a powerful king named Charles the Great was very anxious to make his people Christian, though his usual method was to threaten them with death if they would not consent to be baptized! He made use of these wandering Christian scholars from Ireland, and they played a great part in helping the nations of northern Europe to come forth from the darkness of ignorance to the light of knowledge.

But perhaps I have said enough about the glories of the early days of Ireland. If only the princes of that country had ceased to quarrel among themselves and had banded together to face the world as a united nation, the history of Ireland might have been glorious all through the ages. But when the time of trouble came, their unhappy quarrels proved the ruin of the country, as we shall see before long.

Those who travel about Ireland, to see the ruins of the places which were famous in her early history, are always keenly interested in the "round towers." Each of these towers is strongly built of stone, and has several stories, each lighted by one small window. The door leading into a round tower is usually about twelve feet from the ground, and the general appearance of the building is like that of one of our



GLENDALOUGH IN THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, WITH THE REMAINS OF THE SIXTH-CENTURY  
MONASTERY OF ST. KEVIN.

lighthouses. As a rule you will find that a tower of this kind stands near the ruins of a monastery.

Why were these round towers built? They were set up by the monks to provide a refuge from the Norsemen or Danes; for we have now again reached that period in the history of our islands when these fierce warriors swept down upon all our coasts; when King Alfred of Wessex passed through his time of trial and won his title of "the Great"; when the Christian monks added a new prayer to the Litany, "From the fury of the Norsemen, Good Lord deliver us."

As soon as the monks of a monastery learnt that a party of Danish robbers was approaching their peaceful home, they ran to a round tower with their precious vessels and crosses, their books and manuscripts, as well as a good supply of stones. Having climbed the ladder which led to the doorway, they drew it up after them, barred the door, and made their way to the topmost story. Their method of defence was to drop a large stone on the head of any one who approached the tower, and possibly molten lead sometimes played a part; for you will remember that some of the monks were excellent smiths.

But we must learn more in our next chapter about Ireland's fight with the Danes.

## THE DANES IN IRELAND

THERE was one man who, for a time at least, really united Ireland against the Danes, and his name was Brian Boru. If he had been followed by others as great-hearted and as brave, the history of the "Western Isle" might have proved vastly different.

Brian Boru was a brother of the King of Munster, who was sorely troubled by the Norsemen, and gave in to them, to the great disgust of Brian. The latter roused up his brother to resistance, and a fierce battle was fought, in which "the strangers were routed, and they fled to the ditches, and to the valleys, and to the solitudes of the great, sweet, flowery plain."

After this there was peace up to the death of the king, when Brian was chosen to rule in his place. He soon made his power felt by the Norsemen and those Irish chiefs who had joined them instead of fighting them; and he determined to make himself master of the whole of Ireland.

In about twenty years he had made himself king of southern Ireland, south of the city of Dublin, which was held by the Norsemen and their Irish ally the King of Leinster. A great battle was fought in the year 1000 (an easy date to remember), in which there was terrible slaughter on both sides;

but the Irish won, and then Dublin became the headquarters of Brian Boru.

The king now tried to unite both Norse and Irish in one compact nation, and in two years he was able to say with truth that he was really King of Ireland—with the exception of a part of Ulster.

For a while he laid down the sword, and we read that “he built noble churches and set up schools. He sent beyond the sea and the great ocean to buy books, because their books in every church were burned and thrown into water by the plunderers from the beginning to the end. Many works also and repairs were made by him. By him were made bridges and causeways and high-roads. He built also many royal forts.

“He continued in this way in prosperity and peace, giving banquets, just in judgment, rich, and venerated, keeping the law among the clergy; with valour, honour, and renown among the people; fruitful, powerful, firm, and secure for fifteen years as king of all Ireland.”

Then disputes arose among the subject kings, and they joined with the Norse foe against Brian Boru. In the spring of the year 1014, two great armies came to Ireland and took Dublin. But Brian laid waste the country round about, and at length the Norsemen were forced to come out and

put the matter to the test of battle.

The great fight of Clontarf took place on Good Friday, and raged from dawn to sunset. Both sides fought with desperate valour, and it was truly a fight of heroes, for they were equally matched. King Brian was seventy-three, and remained in his



tent, but he knew that he could trust his son Murrough, for "he fought," says an old writer, "like a fierce, tearing lioness that has been roused and robbed of her cubs; or like the fierce roll of a swift torrent, which stems and smashes everything that opposes it. There fell fifty by his right hand and fifty by his left in that onset, and he never repeated a blow to any one, but only gave the one blow, and neither shield nor mail-coat was proof to resist any of these blows."

Meanwhile, King Brian asked his attendant from time to time how the battle went. It was not easy for the man to give an account of the fight while the battle was proceeding, but as long as he could report that Murrough's standard was still held aloft the old man was satisfied. But at last, when the Norsemen were flying from the field, he saw the standard fall ; for the brave prince had lost his life in his too eager pursuit of the retreating foe.

By this time some of the fugitive Norsemen had found out the tent of Brian, which seems to have been left unguarded in the heat of the pursuit. The old king rose from his couch and unsheathed his sword. " It is the king," cried one of the Norsemen, raising his battle-axe ; whereupon Brian struck him with his sword so as to inflict a mortal wound ; but as the man fell his axe descended upon the old king's head, and both of the combatants fell dead to the ground.

So ended the great Battle of Clontarf, which broke the power of the Danes in Ireland, but deprived the country of the only king who ever came within measurable distance of making the Irish a free and independent nation. For one hundred and fifty years Ireland was torn with the continual quarrels of the under-kings ; and at last one of them appealed to the English monarch, Henry II., for help in his

contest with his overlord at Tara, who kept up a mere show of power over the wild Irish leaders.

By this time the Norman Conquest was over, and England had absorbed her conquerors; for in the reign of Henry II. we read, "The name of Norman was no more heard in the land of England." So we reach the time when Ireland and England meet.

## IRELAND AND ENGLAND

WE are now to consider the dealings of four of the early kings of England with the people of Ireland. These monarchs were Henry II., King John, Edward I., and Richard II. Other kings who came between them also had dealings with Ireland, but I have selected the four named above in order to make the story simpler and easier to remember.

It was an Irish under-king in a quarrel with his brother-kings (alas for those Irish quarrels!) who was the means of bringing Henry II. across the sea to Ireland. This was Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, who had been dethroned for his evil deeds by his over-king Roderick. He fled to France, where Henry II. was at that moment, and said that if the English king would restore him he would take his kingdom from him as his overlord.

At once Henry II. made it known among his nobles that a splendid chance had been offered to them to win fame and fortune in Ireland ; and foremost among those who took advantage of the offer was a brave nobleman surnamed Strongbow, to whom Dermot promised the hand of his daughter Eva and the succession to his throne when he should pass away.

Strongbow lost no time in joining Dermot in Ireland, and landed with a strong force near Waterford. This city he soon captured, and put the people to the sword without mercy, after the cruel manner of the time. Then the marriage of Strongbow and the Princess Eva took place, and the conqueror seized Dublin. The subjects of Dermot now turned upon the new invaders, and Strongbow was shut up in Dublin, but for a short time only, for he gathered his men together, and led them out of the city so unexpectedly that the Irish took to their heels. Then Strongbow sailed over to England to report matters to Henry, and to offer him all the lands which that monarch had kindly permitted his brave knights to win.

Henry now thought it time to invade Ireland on his own behalf. So he went over in great force, and several of the Irish under-kings came to do homage to him. He divided the lands which were

now in his hands among his nobles, and gave Dublin to the people of Bristol, who would, no doubt, find it a very useful place with which to do a profitable trade.

But at this time Richard of the Lion Heart and William the Scottish "Lion" were hatching plots, as we saw in an earlier chapter, and Henry had to go back to England to look after the affairs of his own household. Then confusion fell upon Ireland, and became still worse when Prince John was sent over by his father with the title of Lord of Ireland. This was, of course, the prince who was afterwards to play such a sorry part on the throne of England, and to give us our Great Charter against his will.

As we might expect, the young prince did all he could to annoy his father's new "subjects." The Irish chiefs wished to be friends with him, and offered him, according to their custom, the kiss of peace. But the unruly friends of the prince mocked and insulted them, even going so far as to pluck some of the most dignified by the beard.

It was not long before Prince John was called back home again. But when he became king he seems to have acted rather more wisely with regard to Ireland, and we find Normans and Irish settling down together to some extent. But the country was in a sad state of disorder, and so continued until

the time of Edward I. of England. This monarch, known as Longshanks, and "the hammer of the Scots," was a great ruler and a great statesman, with a broad outlook on affairs. His ideal appears to have been "the Isles of Britain under one king," and we saw in a previous book of this series how he tried to knit together the various races of these islands under one ruler; but we had not space to tell particularly in that book of the effect of his methods upon Ireland.

We saw what happened when he tried to rule Scotland as a subject country; and that story of war and conflict ended at Bannockburn. Now the story of this Scottish fight for freedom filled the hearts of the Irish with great joy, and messengers were sent to King Robert of Scotland begging him to allow his brother Edward to become King of Ireland. The victor of Bannockburn gave his consent, Edward Bruce crossed over to Ireland with an army which would be considered large in those days, and was hailed throughout the country as a deliverer.

So the effect of the methods of Edward I. in Scotland seemed to promise freedom for Ireland also; for though the great English king had now passed away, these events were the direct results of his work.

Edward Bruce won success after success, but showed no mercy to any who had opposed him; and two years after Bannockburn he was crowned as King of Ireland at Dundalk. The fighting now went on with still greater fierceness, and King Robert of Scotland took a personal part in it; but at last King Edward of Ireland was driven into Ulster, his brother went home again, and in a fierce fight near Dundalk, the city of his coronation, the "King of Ireland" was killed. So ended another attempt to unite Ireland. After this disorder and confusion reigned as before.

We now pass on to the time of Richard II. of England, the son of the Black Prince, who began his reign so well and ended it so miserably. Art MacMurrough, King of Leinster, "rebelled" against the English king, whose "viceroy" lived in Dublin, and Richard II. crossed over the Irish Channel at the head of the largest English army that had ever invaded Ireland. The Irish chiefs gave in, and a happy time was spent in Dublin. Then Richard II. went home again, having spent a great deal of money to no purpose at all. He had no sooner sailed away than the country was once more in a state of disorder, and Irish and English soon came to blows near Kilkenny, where the former had the advantage. Then Richard II. came again to Ireland, but found

it difficult to bring MacMurrough to a fight, for he knew the ways among the forests and bogs of the country, and his men were "so nimble and swift of foot, that, like unto stags, they ran over mountains and valleys."

Richard offered terms, but the Irish leader at first refused to listen, and then consented to meet the king's ambassador, the Earl of Gloucester. A French writer who saw the meeting thus describes it, and you can see a picture of it on page 19 of Stage II. of this series.

"From a mountain between two woods not far from the sea, I saw MacMurrough descend, with many of the Irish, and mounted on a horse without a saddle or saddlebow, which cost him, it was said, four hundred cows, so good and fine an animal it was.

"The horse was fast, and in speeding down the hill towards us, ran as swift as any stag or hare I have ever seen. In his *right hand* MacMurrough bore a long spear which, when near the spot where he was to meet the earl, he cast from him with much skill. The crowd that followed him then remained behind, while he advanced to meet the earl. The Irish king was tall, well built, strong, and active; his face stern and fierce to the eye—a man of deed."

Such a leader was not likely to surrender as the



QUEEN ELIZABETH HAWKING.

*From a woodcut published during her reign (see pp. 68 and 94).*

earl asked him to do, and the meeting had no result except that it hardened the heart of the Irish chieftain, and roused the English king to that state of fury which is always a sign of weakness in a leader. The latter made ready to bring MacMurrough to reason, but while he was doing so news was brought to him that he had lost his English kingdom! He had ruled so badly that a party of the nobles had asked his cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, to come and take the throne, and this nobleman became king of England as Henry IV.

For nearly twenty years Art MacMurrough kept up the strife with the English in Ireland, and after his death the country passed through another long period of trouble and misrule. Then Richard, Duke of York, became English governor, and tried to rule the island well and justly, not without success, for a separate Irish Parliament was set up. But he was called back to England when the Wars of the Roses began, to fall a victim to the savage cruelty of Queen Margaret, the wife of King Henry VI., who crowned his head with a paper crown, and exposed it on the wall of the city of York.

## RALEIGH AND SPENSER IN IRELAND

KING Henry the Seventh of England thought that the best way to rule Ireland was to make one of the great Irish lords his "deputy" or viceroy; so he looked about for the most powerful, and found him in a nobleman known as the Earl of Kildare. This man was a brave and reckless fighter and a "rebel," of whom the king's officers reported, "All Ireland cannot rule this man." "Then," said King Henry, "he shall rule all Ireland."

It was a bold plan, worthy of a great ruler, and it deserved to succeed. But it did not, for Ireland had been left in a state of disorder for too long a period. Besides, the plan was not allowed to have a fair trial, for as soon as Henry VII. passed away, his son Henry VIII. (who, as you have no doubt heard, had six queens, one after the other) tried another plan. Just before his time some clever men had been very busy improving field guns, and the king tried the effect of taking some samples of this new artillery over to Ireland, and battering into ruins the castles which sheltered the rebels.

This method was much more effective, and the English king received the report that the Irish "were never in such fear as they are now." Having made himself feared, King Henry wished now to

make himself respected, and he tried very hard to introduce law and order into Ireland. But he and his advisers were not clever enough to see that English laws and methods of ruling were not suitable for Ireland, which, as we have seen, had very good and just laws of its own when England was a very lawless place indeed. But we must not forget to give credit to Henry VIII. and his advisers for wishing and trying to do well for Ireland. And their plan, imperfect as it was, won some success. "Men may pass quietly," came the cheering report from one quarter, "through this part without danger of robbery or other discomfort," while of another place it was told that "ploughing increaseth daily."

But English customs and Irish customs came into conflict when Elizabeth was Queen of England. The Earl of Tyrone died, and English law said that his son should follow him; but the chiefs who looked to this great earl as their leader preferred another member of the family, Shane O'Neill, and, according to Irish custom, had the right to choose him. Then the English army was called in to settle the dispute, and fighting with all its horrors began again, and went on for a long time.

Eight years before the Spanish Armada came sailing up the Chânnel, Queen Elizabeth sent over Lord Arthur Grey to rule Ireland in her name,



EDMUND SPENSER.

and with him went as his secretary a young Englishman whose name was Edmund Spenser, as well as a number of brave and eager young nobles, bent upon winning "glory," which they longed to lay at the feet of the Virgin Queen. Of course they found a rebellion in progress, and there was plenty of opportunity for them to distinguish themselves ;

but they had no more real success than other well-meaning Englishmen who had tried to give peace to Ireland.

This is not surprising, if we may judge from a small book which the poet Spenser wrote, giving his views of the best way of "settling" Ireland. His plan was reformation by the sword. Ten thousand foot soldiers and a thousand horsemen would be required in order to carry it out; these ought to be placed in garrisons in various parts of the country, and the Irish given twenty days to "come in."

Those who did not "come in" were to be hunted down "like wild beasts in the winter when the covert is thin. . . . If they be well followed one winter ye shall have little work to do with them the next summer." No pity was to be shown. What the sword did not do, famine was to finish, and in eighteen months there would be peace, and the ground clear for English settlers!

Spenser was told that his plan was cruel, and his reply that it was the only way shows what a state of disorder Ireland was in. The plan, of course, was not tried, and Lord Grey seems to have made a real effort to rule justly in the Queen's name. He put down rebellion to some extent, and Spenser was rewarded for his help by the gift of an estate and

Kilcolman Castle in the county of Cork, where he made his home. Meanwhile, he was writing his great poem of *The Faerie Queen*, and when three "Books" had been written, there came on a visit to Kilcolman Castle no less a distinguished personage than Sir Walter Raleigh.

The guest was himself a poet and a lover of poetry, and the two men naturally fell into talk of such things. Then Spenser took out the manuscript of his poem and read it over to Raleigh, who was naturally delighted with it, for it tells the wonderful story of the wanderings of

"Heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb,"

and of her deliverance from the Dragon by Saint George, the Knight of the Red Cross.

It was the time of the Armada during which Raleigh seems to have been set aside by Queen Elizabeth in favour of other captains, for he took only a small part in the famous struggle. But he urged Spenser to come to London, and promised to do what he could to get the help of the Queen in publishing the poem. The poet promised to come, and as soon as the Spanish "invasion" was over he crossed the Channel and went to Court, where the Queen made much of him and of his poem, in which she appears as Gloriana, the Fairy Queen.



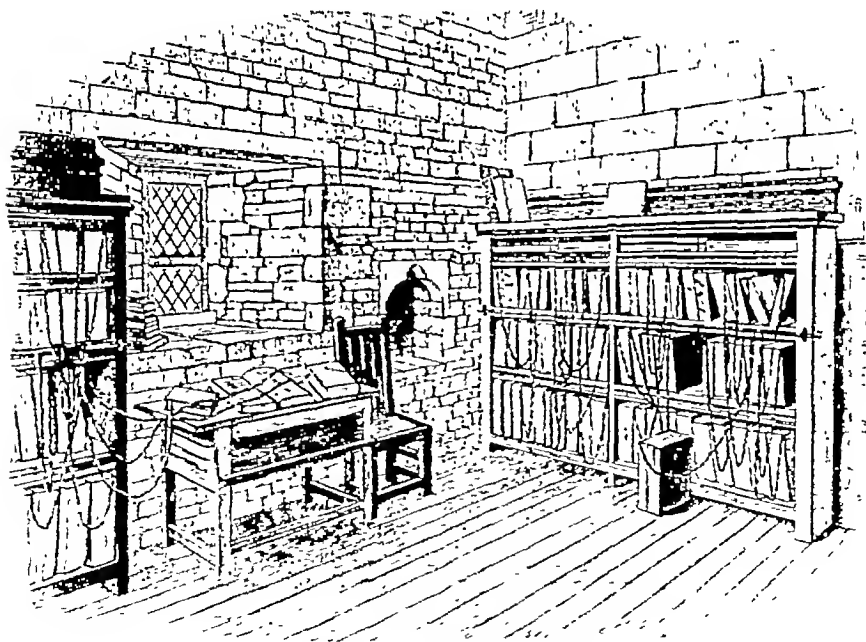
A PICTURE FROM A BOOK OF SPENSER'S POEMS SHOWING COLIN CLOUT,  
THE SHEPHERD, IN JANUARY.

Spenser seems to have had a pleasant time at first, but a little later he found out that life at Court was not nearly so pleasant as that at home, even if the "home" was in poor distracted Ireland. So he went back again to Kilcolman Castle, and wrote a poem called *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, in which he tells how a shepherd went to town and saw the "sights," and then came gladly back to his sheep and his "pipe." Perhaps, also, Raleigh had taught him the use of another soothing "pipe" during his visit!

It is sad, but not surprising, to read that in time the Irish rebels sacked and burnt Kilcolman Castle. In the fire Spenser's child is said to have perished,

and "Colin Clout" came back to town again, to die at last of a broken heart in loneliness and poverty. A noble friend heard of his distress at the last, and sent him "20 pieces," but the poet said that he had now "no time to spend them," and passed away "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

And this brings us again to the end of the reign of the great Queen, and to the time when James VI. of Scotland became "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith."



A CHAINED LIBRARY (see p. 98).

## PART III

## WALES BEFORE 1603

## SAINT DAVID OF WALES

SAINT GEORGE for "Merrie" England, Saint Andrew for Scotland, Saint Patrick for Ireland, and Saint David for Wales—these are the "patron" saints who are supposed to have watched over the fortunes of the several parts of these islands. Next to nothing is known about Saint George; the connection of Saint Andrew the apostle of Christ with Scotland is very slight indeed; of Saint Patrick we know rather more, as we have seen, but little that is really history; and concerning Saint David we have only one or two facts and a great many extravagant stories. Yet each of these names has been a real power in the history of the four countries of the British Isles.

Let me give you a sample of the stories told of Saint David. You must remember that the people of Wales first learnt about Christ when the Romans were masters of the land, and when the Roman soldiers went back to Italy many of the Welsh seem to have remained Christian, while the English heathen were settling in the lands to the east of them.

Well, one day the Welsh bishops met together to consider some matter of Christian belief, and as soon as their talk was over they went to tell the people what had been decided. There was a great crowd waiting to hear them, so great that the good bishops began to wonder how they would make them all hear the result of their conference. They made a great heap of clothes, and one after another mounted upon it to speak to the people ; but no one could make himself heard far enough.

It was clear that some inducement was required to make them speak up ; and it was agreed that the man who could make himself heard should be chief bishop of Wales. Then one ran to tell David, who was not present, of what was required, and he came at once, and his voice was so strong that he made the message distinctly heard. So he became the chief bishop, and went on with his work of teaching and building churches in all parts of the land.

When the English Vikings came from across the North Sea to the land which was to be their home, they drove the Britons to the westward, and the latter took refuge in the mountains of the Devon and Cornwall peninsula, of Wales, and of the English Lake District, as well as in south-western Scotland. But before long the new-comers cut off the Britons of Wales from their brethren to the north and

south, who were absorbed into the new country of the Anglo-Saxons. Thus Wales became a kind of western island—indeed one English king built a dyke from the mouth of the Dee to the mouth of the Wye—and a fit home for a separate and distinct people, entirely different in ways and appearance from the dwellers in the English plains.

Yet, in spite of this separation, the history of Wales is not the story of a long line of rulers, each keeping the king's peace within the borders of his mountain realm, and presenting a bold front to foes from without. It is rather a story of those quarrels and divisions which in all ages have brought weakness. Now and again we find a ruler coming to the front strong enough for unity; such a man was Roderick, who lived about the time of the English King Alfred, and others arose in later times, as we shall see.

In one thing, however, the Welsh were, and always have been, united, namely, in their love of music and poetry; and strange as it may appear, the time when they sank lowest as a separate race was the time when they produced their best songs and their best stories. Perhaps it was to console themselves for their sad condition that their writers began to tell of the great days of King Arthur, that shadowy British king of an earlier time who,

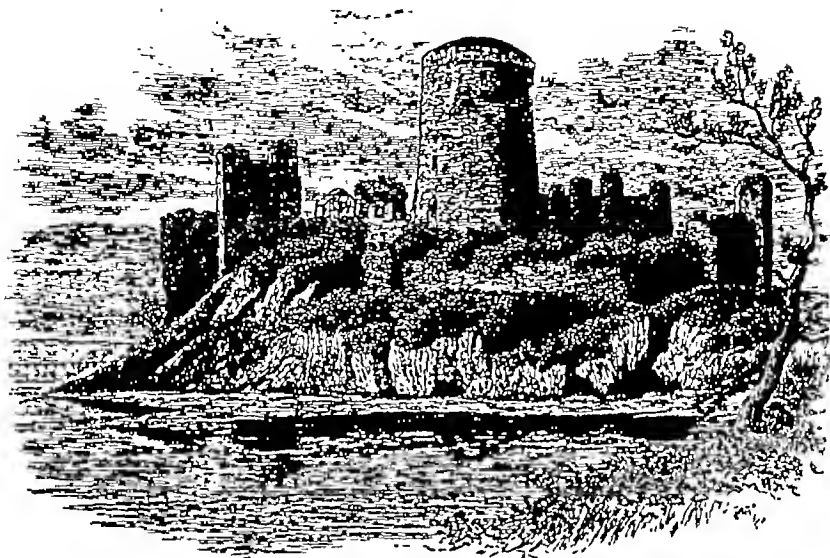
according to the legends, had so boldly withstood both Roman and heathen Saxon :

“ Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur’s realm ?  
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,  
Fall battleaxe and flash brand ! Let the King reign.

“ The King will follow Christ and we the King  
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.  
Fall battleaxe and flash brand ! Let the King  
reign ! ”

At all events, the Welsh have given us, in a book called the *Mabinogion*, a collection of tales of King Arthur, in the reading of which they would surely learn to forget their troubles. It tells of a fairy-tale world, full of colour and sunshine, peopled by brave knights and beautiful maidens, who take part in the most wonderful adventures. And the Welsh bards or poets also wrote songs, which were chanted to the music of the harp, and had a great deal to do with stirring up of the Welsh to resist the Normans who came over the English Channel with William the Conqueror.

So bold was their resistance to the armies of the Norman ruler of England, that he was forced to set up several strong castles on the Welsh “ marches ” or borders, whence his earls came out to “ hunt the



PEMBROKE CASTLE.

Welsh " among their mountains. " They slew them like sheep," we read in the old chronicle, " beat them down, made slaves of them, and skinned them with nails of iron." But when the Conqueror passed away the Welsh arose in their anger, burnt several of the castles, hurled the Normans back across the border, and followed them into the flat plains of England, burning and slaying wherever they went.

And this brings us to the time of two great Welsh princes, each of whom bore the name of Llywelyn, and united the tribes of the mountain land into a nation,—at least for a time.

## THE TWO LLYWELYN

IN the time of King John of England, who sealed the Great Charter, there arose a prince in Wales whose name was Llywelyn, and whose surname in history is "the Great." He had a very busy and stormy career of about forty years of rule, and under him Wales held a very high place indeed among the "nations" within our islands.

Llywelyn was at first Prince of North Wales only, and he began his warlike career by fighting and beating one after another of the other northern princes, and so making himself master in his own household. The fame of his valour and his cleverness—for he was as cunning as he was brave—came to the ears of King John, who thought he was a prince worth considering, and gave him the hand of his daughter Joan in marriage. This English lady took a great part in the events of Welsh history, as she acted several times as peacemaker and ambassador between her husband and her royal father.

The Prince of North Wales now set out to make himself Prince of Wales, and in his contest with the princes of the south he had at first the help of the English king; but it was not long before King John and his son-in-law were fighting each other. The king drove Llywelyn into the mountainous district

of Snowdon and followed him up, but was forced to fall back because his soldiers could get no food. But again John advanced, and in time the Welsh prince was obliged to send his wife to ask for peace from her father.

But this was merely a temporary check in the career of Llywelyn. King John was now getting into trouble with the barons of England, and soon had little time or strength to spare for Wales, so that Llywelyn took heart again, sallied out from his nest among the mountains, and captured the English city of Shrewsbury. His power became so great that he was specially mentioned in *Magna Carta*, in which the English king promised to restore their lands to the Welsh princes, and to deal with them for the future "according to law."

In the year following the sealing of the Great Charter Llywelyn could claim with justice that he was Prince of all the Welsh, and, after a period of the fighting in which most of his life consisted, he returned to Snowdon, "happy and joyful with victory." But it is to be noted that when King John died and was succeeded by his son Henry III., the Welsh prince did homage to the English king as his "overlord."

There was, however, not much reality in his submission to the English king, and in any case he



proved a very unruly "vassal." Perhaps he considered himself as free as the King of Scots, and indeed he is said to have claimed on one occasion the right to act as the equal of that monarch. At one time he met his brother-in-law, the gentle Henry III. of England, at Worcester, and the contrast between the quiet English king and his fierce, warlike vassal must have been very clear to all who were present at that historic meeting.

But the lion-hearted Prince of Wales was now drawing near to the close of his life of constant warfare. He was old and weary, sick unto death, and he entered a monastery as a monk after having seen his son David take up rule in Wales. He had always been a good friend of the clergy, and it was

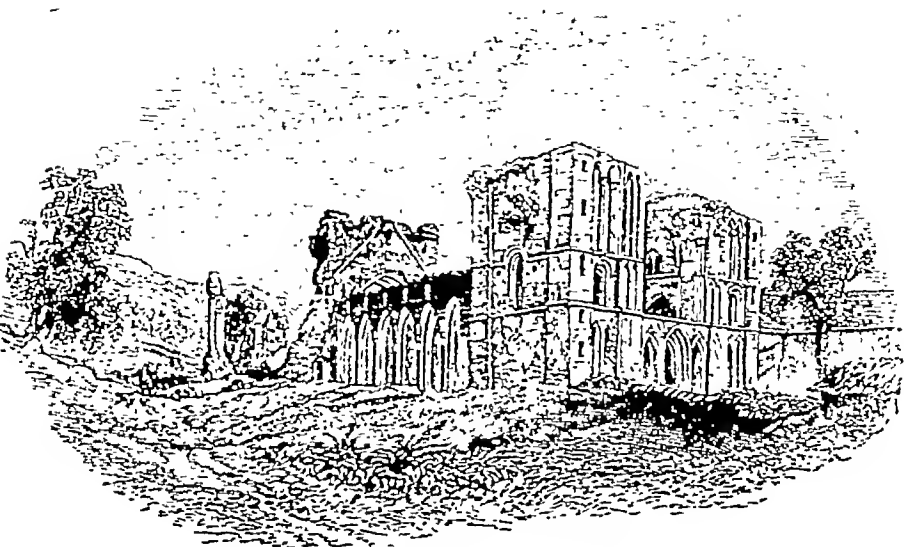
one of the monks who wrote of him when he had passed away :

“ I am unworthy to tell of the mighty deeds of this second Achilles. He beat down his foes with sword and shield. He kept good peace for the monks, providing food and clothing for those who made themselves poor for Christ His sake. By his wars he enlarged the boundaries of his dominions. He gave good justice to all men, and drew all men to his service.”

The grandson of Llywelyn the Great began his career in a similar manner to his grandfather, by fighting with the other members of his family, and proving himself stronger than any. Then he set himself to win back the high position which the first Llywelyn had held, and he felt that he had the support of all Welsh patriots, who looked back with pride upon the great days of his grandfather.

When he began he was master only of the Snowdon district, for since the death of Llywelyn the Great the English armies had “ conquered ” one district after another.

His great opponent was to be Edward I. of England, that powerful king who, as we have seen, again and again, wished for and worked for a “ United Kingdom ” within these islands of ours. The father



LLANTHONY PRIORY, NEAR ABERGAVENNY.

of this prince had made him Earl of Chester (a title now held by the Prince of Wales), and very early in our story the two great champions, Llywelyn and Edward Longshanks, came into conflict, and the advantage was distinctly to the Welsh leader.

The latter appears to have been a favourite of Matthew Paris, the chronicler of St. Albans, whom we have met before, and who commends the vigour, courage, and patriotism of the mountain leader. And when the English barons under Simon de Montfort rose against their king, Henry III., they were greatly helped by the Prince of Wales, just as the

barons who made King John seal the Great Charter had been helped by his grandfather. So we have here a good example of the old saying that "history repeats itself."

When Henry III. died his son Edward was in the Holy Land, engaged in that Crusade which is made memorable by the pretty story of his wife Eleanor saving his life by sucking the poison from a wound inflicted by an assassin. Tennyson reminds us of it in the lines of

"her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,  
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,  
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,  
Sweet as new buds in Spring."

The Prince of Wales was summoned to do homage to Edward's representative, but he was otherwise engaged; and Edward I. came home to find his Welsh vassal quite prepared for a desperate struggle for real independence.

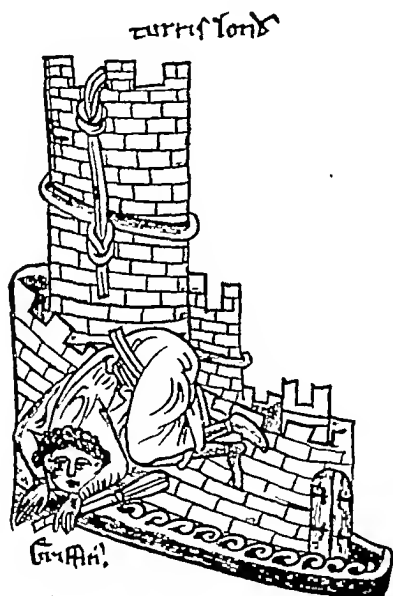
At the outset, the Welsh troops won several successes, and Llywelyn persisted in his refusal to come and do homage. Edward replied by sending out ships to capture the daughter of Simon de Montfort, who was on her way from France to Wales to become the bride of Llywelyn. The lady

was taken and sent to Windsor for safe keeping until such time as her future husband should obey his overlord. But this move on the part of the English king did not bring his vassal to his knees, and Edward marched into North Wales at the head of one army, sending other forces into the central and southern parts of the country. He also sent ships round the coast, which cut off Anglesey from Snowdon, while a force was landed in that island and destroyed the harvest.

The Welsh prince was before long driven into Snowdon as his last refuge. Here he was soon starved into asking for peace, and came at last to his overlord, who took him to London to perform the act of homage. Then his bride was given to the prince, who was now ruler of the Snowdon district only, and the long postponed wedding took place at the door of Worcester Cathedral. The bride died within a year of her marriage.

In a short time the Welsh chieftains were again out for war, and Edward of England was once more on the march at the head of a gallant army. The incidents of his former campaign were repeated, but Llywelyn managed to escape from Snowdon, only to meet his death in a manner which history does not make very clear. One account says that he was killed by a soldier as he was hurrying to

join a skirmish with the English somewhere in Mid Wales ; at all events he was killed, and Wales lost a great leader and a patriotic prince whom there was none to follow.



GRUFFYD, THE SON OF THE FIRST LLYWELYN, TRYING TO  
ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER.

*From a drawing by Matthew Paris of St. Albans.*

## OWEN GLENDOWER

It was more than two hundred years after the death of the second Llywelyn before Wales was actually joined to England; but during this long period, though there were many quarrels between the two countries, there was only one Welshman who stood out above the rest. This was Owen Glendower, whose career belongs roughly to the time of Henry V. of England, who won the Battle of Agincourt.

Glendower claimed that he was descended from the great Llywelyns, and there is no doubt that his aim was to bring back for Wales the glory of their time. It was said that at his birth the horses in his father's stables were found standing in blood, but this tale was told of him after the blood had all been shed!

Richard II. of England was set aside in favour of Henry IV., as we have seen, and the new king made his son, Henry, Prince of Wales. The latter appointed a council to rule that country, and placed at the head of it the brave and hot-headed soldier Henry Percy, who earned for himself the surname of Hotspur. When you come to read Shakespeare's works you will find the two Henrys and Owen Glendower in the play of *Henry IV.*; but you must remember as you read that the English national



HENRY IV. LEADING RICHARD II. INTO LONDON.

poet writing to praise "King Harry" cannot be expected to do justice to the Welsh leader.

The deposed King Richard had always been a favourite of the Welsh, and as soon as Henry IV. came to the throne, they rose in his support, and Owen Glendower took the title of Prince of Wales. The rising was at first a great success, and Welshmen from all parts of England flocked to Wales to take part in it. The new English king thrice led an army into the country, but could do little to restore

order ; and Glendower, who now called himself sovereign of Wales, sallied forth again and again from his retreat in the Snowdon district to capture a castle, to take an important prisoner, or to lay waste the English borderland with fire and sword. The English soldiers firmly believed that the Welsh leader was helped by the magicians, and that he could make himself invisible. At all events, they were never able to lay hands upon him or even to see him ; and it is known that Glendower was in the habit of consulting the Welsh "seers" before taking any important step in his campaign.

When nearly all the most important of the Welsh leaders had flocked to the banner of Glendower, the Percies joined him against their own king, and a battle was fought at Shrewsbury, at which, however, the Welsh "sovereign" was not present. After the defeat of the Percies, however, he laid waste the English western counties, and then went back to Snowdon laden with spoil.

He was now, according to his own proclamation, "Prince of Wales by the grace of God." He appointed a royal chancellor, and sent ambassadors to France, who made a treaty on his behalf with the king of that country, and brought back for their master presents of a gilded helmet, cuirass, and sword. It is said that about this time he met the

chief of the Percies, and with them divided England (on a map) into three parts, of which, when Henry IV. had been beaten, the Welsh prince was to have that which lay nearest his own country. But he now received a severe blow in the capture of his son Griffith, who was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and from this time his power steadily declined.

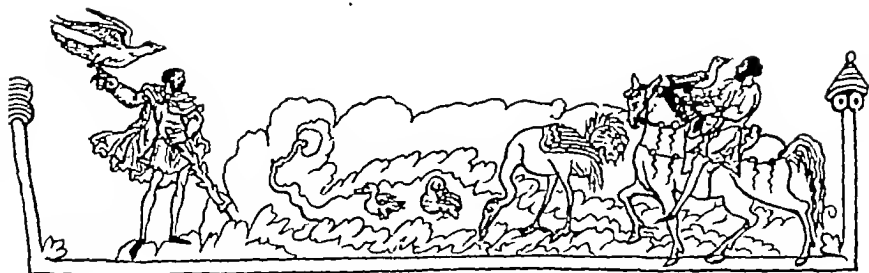
The French came to the help of their Welsh ally, not because they cared greatly for him, but because they wished to strike a blow at the "common enemy," Henry IV. of England, whose son was destined to beat them at Agincourt, while his grandson in due time actually became King of France. French warships appeared off the coast of Wales, and French soldiers were landed at Milford Haven; but this help from across the Channel came to nothing, and before long the French knights and squires went home again, while ten years later Henry V. replied to this "invasion" by leading an army into France.

When affairs in Wales seemed to be at their worst, they took a turn for King Henry IV. His son won over several of the Welsh leaders by kindness. A battle took place, in which the Welsh were severely beaten and a son of Glendower was killed. The Percies drew away from their Welsh ally, and

Prince Henry took the strong castle of Aberystwyth. Other misfortunes overtook the Welsh leader, and he was again driven into the north as his last stronghold, where, however, he still held out with all his old bravery.

The English parliament sent out a pardon to all those "rebels" of Wales who had fought against their overlord, except Glendower himself; but the old leader replied by marching into South Wales and capturing an important prisoner, for whom he received a large sum of money as ransom.

Then Henry V. came to the throne, and at his accession a general pardon was granted, in which Glendower was included, while the English forces made captives of his wife, his daughter, and other members of his family. Henry sent messengers to assure Glendower that he had no designs upon him which were not friendly, but the old man could not be found. It is said by some writers that he died of starvation among the mountains, but for a long time many strange stories were told of his mysterious appearance at one place or another. When King Henry went to fight in France he left a strong force on the Welsh border, thinking that during his absence the restless Glendower would rally once more; but he was never seen or heard of again.



HAWKING IN THE TENTH CENTURY

## PART IV

THE UNITED NATION FROM 1603 TO 1901

## THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH

LET us now try to collect a few ideas concerning the life lived in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and see what kind of country it was over which the Scottish King James came southward to rule.

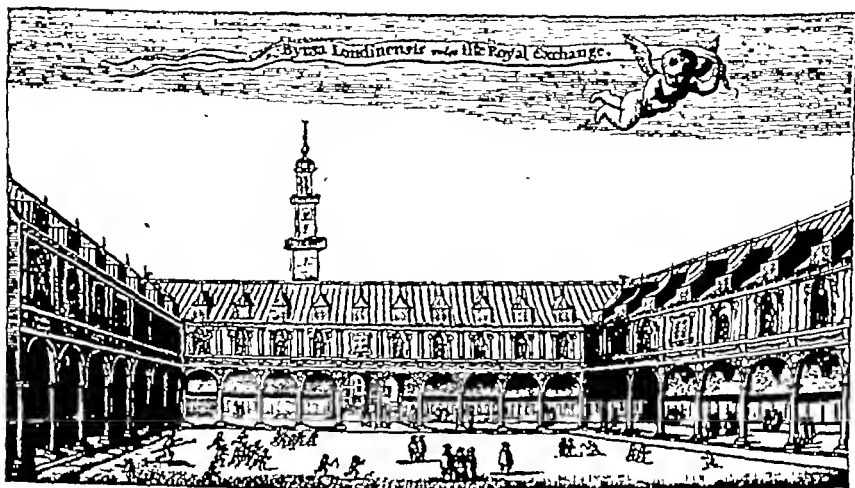
When we wish to obtain some notion of the way in which the people of a past age differed from ourselves, it is a good plan to study pictures which were drawn in the period that we are considering.

If we could examine together a large portfolio of pictures drawn in the time of Queen Elizabeth, we should get a clearer idea of the England of her day than from a great amount of reading. As this is



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

not possible, I have selected a few pictures of this kind, and they are shown in various parts of this book. Let us consider, first, the coloured plate



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

printed on page 65. 'I will tell you a little about it, but you must find out the rest for yourselves.

Here we have the queen herself engaged in a sport which was greatly favoured, not only by the nobles and wealthy men, but also by the middle classes of her time. It is called falconry or hawking, and it was a sport in which birds of all kinds were hunted, not by a sportsman with a gun, but by a falcon or hawk which preys upon other birds. This bird has strong hooked talons and beak, and swoops down upon its prey from above. The falcon was taken to the field with its eyes covered by a hood, and its leg fastened to the left wrist of the falconer.

When the prey was sighted, the bird was unhooded and unchained, and then mounted swiftly into the air to swoop down upon the "quarry." The creatures hunted in this way included grouse, partridges, pheasants, ducks, rooks, blackbirds, thrushes, larks, hares, and rabbits; and the falcons were very carefully trained for their work. This kind of sport died out when the hand-gun came into general use.

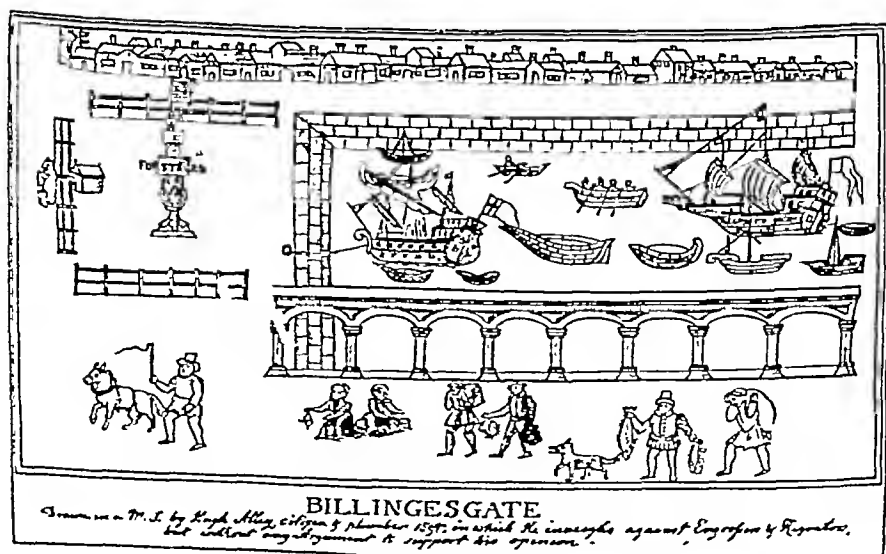
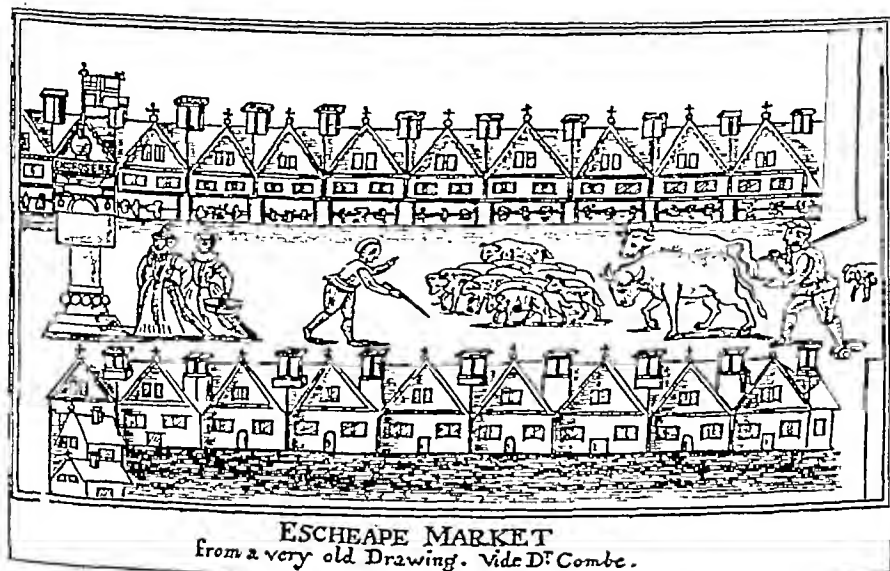
So much for one of the chief amusements of the queen and her courtiers. Now look at the grave and pleasant gentleman shown in the picture on page 93. This is Sir Thomas Gresham, who was one of the leading London merchants of the time of Elizabeth, and who built the Royal Exchange shown on page 94. The brave deeds of Drake and Raleigh and other English captains helped us to increase our trade across the seas, and many of our merchants grew so rich that they lived almost like princes. Some of them bought large estates, and took <sup>in his</sup> places among the nobles, who, of course, <sup>you can</sup> landowners. It was a new thing in this country <sup>a London</sup> men should attain to such high place by peaceful trading.

The Exchange built by Gresham was <sup>artist tries</sup> to provide the merchants of London <sup>market of</sup> where they might meet and carry on trade. <sup>have pictures</sup> It contained also a number of shops.

of sellers and buyers at these markets. Study the details of these pictures as carefully as you can, for though the artist may not be very good at his work, he is showing you things which he actually saw for himself. The man with the donkey on page 101 will remind you that very few carts or carriages were in use, because there were very few good roads at that time.

The drawing on page 103 will show you what a bedroom was like in the castle of a nobleman, while that on page 73 shows a library. We note the rich carving of the wooden bedstead in the former picture, but the most peculiar thing about the second picture is the way in which the books are kept secure. Each volume is fastened to its shelf by a chain long enough to allow the book to be taken to the table in the window. Books were few and precious in those days, as well as carefully bound and printed, and it was necessary to take great care of them; but, of course, chains were not used in every library.

In the year of the Spanish Armada it is said that there were about five millions of people in England. There are many more people in London alone to-day. A large number of these people lived in the villages and worked on the farms and pastures. On the whole the country people were big and strong, for they were trained by sport and exercise to keep themselves fit for defending their own homes. The





CHARLES I., THE SECOND KING OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

*From the painting by Daniel Mytens in the National Portrait Gallery.*



KING JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND, WHO BECAME JAMES I. OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.



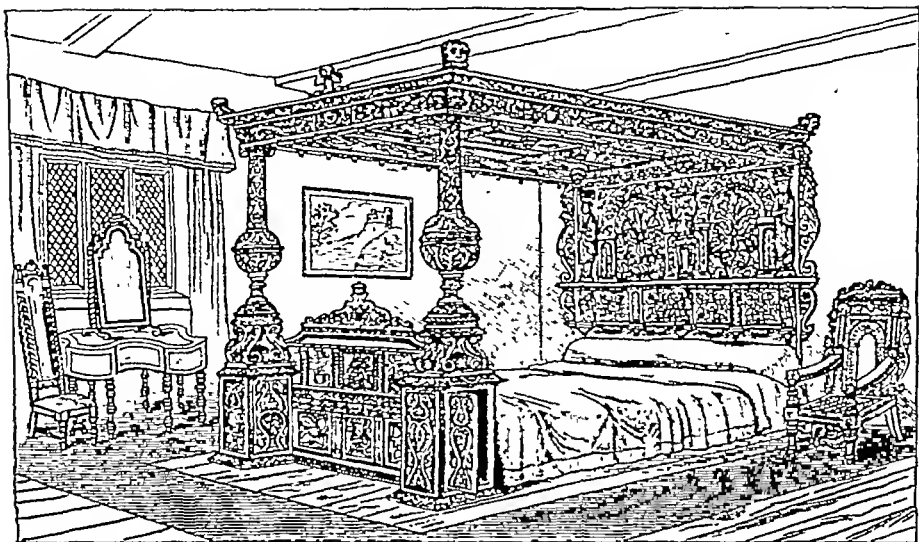
men and boys of the villages were expected to spend their leisure time in practising at the "butts" with bow and arrow, and if they played at skittles instead, the king's officer had power to arrest them.

You may be interested to learn some of the prices charged for goods in those days. Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound, mutton three-halfpence. A farm for 100 sheep, 30 cows, and providing work for 6 men could be hired for £3 or £4 per year. A carpenter earned 5½d. and a labourer 4d. per day. But we must not forget that in those days a penny would buy as much as a shilling will buy to-day.

Every man was expected to work, and the justices



had power to arrest all tramps and set them to labour. At the dinner hour the tables were open to all comers, and no questions asked. To every man who chose to ask for it there was free food and free lodging.



There were bread, beef, and home-brewed beer for his dinner, and for his lodging perhaps only a mat of rushes in a corner of the hall, with a log of wood for a pillow, but freely offered and freely taken. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the farmhands went to work and the gentlemen to their duties as justices or other officers of the queen.

There were schools here and there, but as a rule only the children of the well-to-do attended them, to learn Latin grammar for the most part. The children of the poorer people went to work on the land as soon as they were able; but they were

taught certain lessons of as much or even greater value than the power to read and write and do sums, namely, to hate idleness, to look upon want as an evil to be removed, and to scorn a man who would turn his back upon danger.

## THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ITS FOUR GREAT TASKS

WE begin our story of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at the commencement of the reign of James I., that is, roughly speaking, about three hundred years ago.

During this time the various parts of these islands have been "united," so far as the outside world is concerned. They have had quarrels among themselves, and at times the word "united" may appear to those who read our history to have been somewhat of a mockery; but against any danger from without they have been really and truly "united" in the best sense of the word.

Let us take a recent example of this. In the summer of 1914 there were signs of serious trouble in Ireland; and some people talked of civil war between two parties in that country, which had

fallen out over Home Rule, that is, over the precise manner in which the island was to be governed.

But in the early part of August of that year Great Britain was forced to go to war with Germany. In a moment there was no more talk of quarrelling in Ireland ; and the two volunteer forces which had been raised to threaten each other were ready to stand shoulder to shoulder and defend Ireland if need should arise against an outside foe.

You see, therefore, that the term " United Kingdom " has really meant what it expresses ever since the day when James VI. of Scotland rode from Edinburgh to London in the spring of the year 1603. When he set out on that memorable ride, there were many Scotsmen who were angry enough to see him go ; there were many Irishmen who felt little respect or reverence for the new king ; and there were many Welshmen to whom he was as much a " foreigner " as the Emperor of China. But, for all that, he was the ruler of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

And it was high time that the various parts of these islands should unite to face the world, for they had certain great national tasks to perform, which could only be properly undertaken when they had given up fighting among themselves.

What were these tasks ? There were many of

them, but there were four which stand out clearly above all the rest ; and in the chapters which follow we are to see how the country performed them.

In the first place, it was necessary that Britain should make herself respected among the great nations of Europe. When James I. came to the throne, his country was very small and poor compared with the great nations of the Continent, such as France or Spain. There was a ruler in Central Europe known as "*the* Emperor," with his capital at Vienna, who laughed when the King of Great Britain claimed to be "royal"; and among the proud princes of the Continent this little island kingdom was a place of fogs and barbarians.

We shall see how the great events of the three centuries after the death of Queen Elizabeth altered all this.

In the second place, it was necessary that Britain should build up an Empire across the seas. She might win to a high place among the nations of Europe, but she could not hold land on that continent, for there was no place for her to gain a footing. So she began to look across the ocean for places to which she might send her sons and daughters, who had too much energy to stay quietly at home, and with which she might do a profitable trade. She found these places, as we shall see, though she had

to fight for some of them, and fight very desperately indeed.

So much for the outside world. The other two great tasks set before the "united" nation were to be performed within her own borders.

She had to beat out a good method of government for her own people, and this method was to consist in the people governing themselves. No other method was suitable for a nation with a love of true liberty; and though it was not reached without the shedding of much blood and many tears, it was at last attained. And now, although it may not be perfect, our way of governing has become a pattern for all other nations which desire real liberty and the blessings of peace within their own borders.

The United Kingdom had also to set herself to the task of becoming the workshop of the world. As her people grew in numbers, she found herself too small to provide food for them. Food must be obtained from other countries, and purchased, too, even from the new British lands across the sea. How was Britain to pay for it? By using the coal which she had in such abundance to make things which could be exchanged for food. So the clever inventors got to work, as we shall see, and made machines for spinning and weaving, engines of all

kinds, ships and railways, until Britain became a great workshop, supplying the world with useful things in exchange for such food as she could not provide for herself.

It is very easy for me to trace the performance of these four great tasks, now that they have been more or less fully accomplished. But I do not wish you to think that the people of the United Kingdom were conscious all the time that they were performing them ; nor did they tackle them one after the other in due order as I have set them down.

The four great tasks were carried out together, and we may truly say that the nation did not know all the time what it was doing. It was, indeed, as if some great power outside of themselves were urging the nation along a path which it was bound to tread, and occasionally forcing it back when it strayed from the path by means of sorrow and loss. And even to-day it is well to keep clearly before us the four great objects of our life as a nation.

Let me recount them shortly once more.

We have won to a great place among the nations, which we must strive to keep, not in order that we may have reason to boast, but that we may help to keep the peace of the world, and when need arises to defend the weak against the strong.

We have won a great empire and set up new

British nations across the seas, not in order that we may have reason to boast, but that they may form a ring of free countries round the globe, ready to stand together to help each other in time of need, and to provide happy and prosperous homes for people who love true liberty.

We have worked out a plan of government under which the people govern themselves, and which is now the plan adopted by each of the new British nations across the sea. Our method of government is by no means perfect, and there is plenty of work before us to make it better and better as the years go by; but on the whole it is better than any that has yet been thought out by the cleverest men in the world.

We have become a great workshop, and the quality of the goods we make has always been reckoned by other nations as very high indeed. But if we grow slack in these matters we shall lose our markets. Other nations have started great workshops too, and we must get up early and work very hard if we are to keep our place.

Now I have gone a long way from the year 1603; yet all these things hang together, and belong to the same story, and we must never forget that our school history has to do with our life to-day. If we overlook this, then history is of no use to us at all.

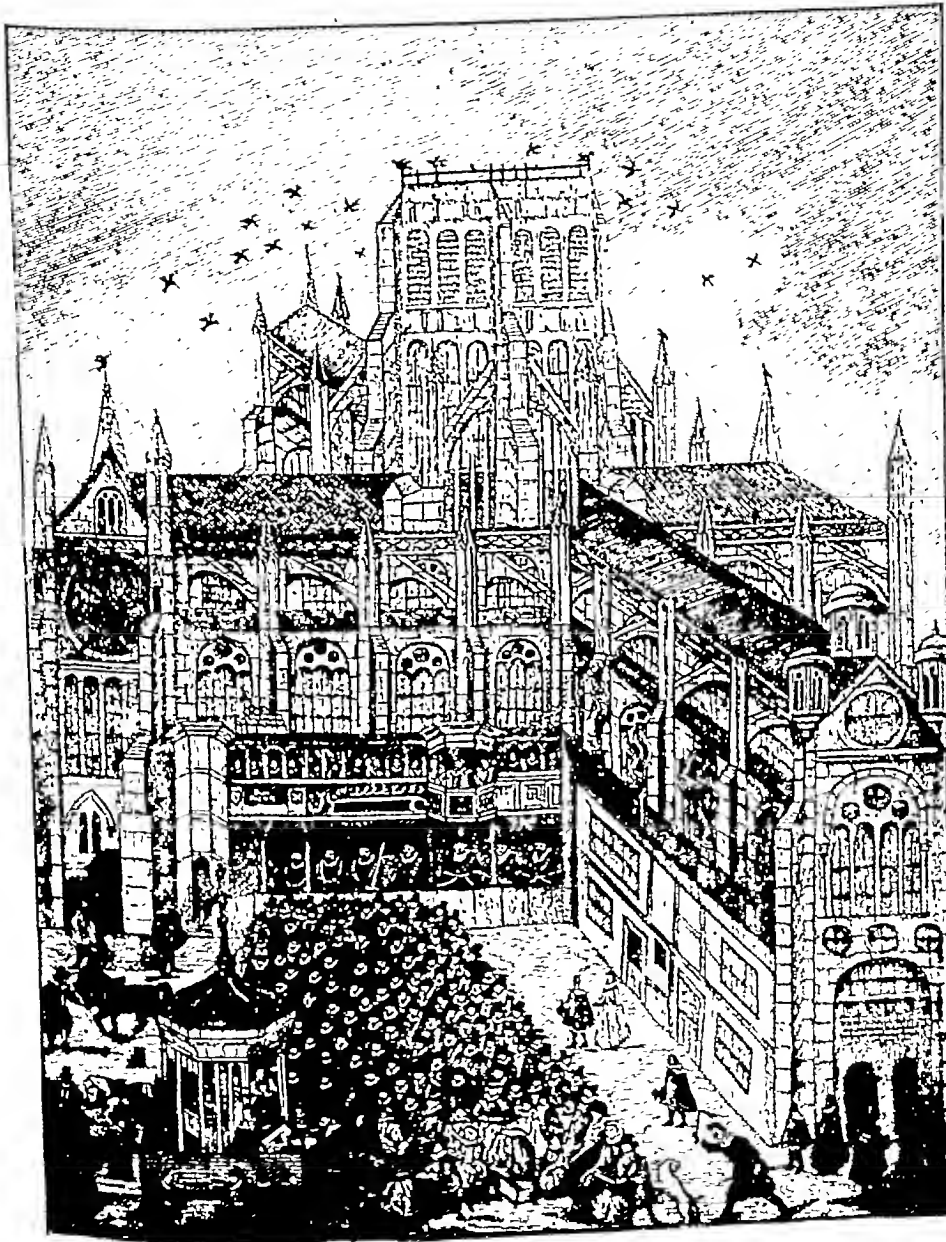
## THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS

IF we wish to understand the manner in which our country learnt how to govern itself through its Parliament, we must first of all try to understand what James I. thought about his position as king.

To put the matter shortly, James I. considered that he had been *born* a king, and that, if he wished, he could set aside the law of the land. But the country as a whole considered that he had been *chosen* king, and that he was bound to obey the law of the land which the people, by means of their Parliament, with the consent of the king, had set up.

King James made no secret of his views, and he had many supporters in the country who said that no subject had the right to oppose the king's will, and that he could alter or set aside any law which seemed to him to be wrong. Among these supporters were some of the bravest and cleverest men in the country, who were ready, as we shall see, to lay down their lives in defence of their opinion. But on the other side was the great body of the nation, for the idea of a king which had been in the English mind ever since the time of Alfred and even earlier, was something quite different from this.

It was not long before a struggle began between King and Parliament. There was as yet no war, or



AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE AT OLD ST. PAUL'S IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.

even talk of a war, but the country began to see that the king and his friends were now nearly always in opposition to the Parliament ; and the wisest men of the nation knew that the difference of opinion would one day lead to bloodshed.

The two great parties would at times, however, be drawn together by a common danger. Thus, when Guy Fawkes was discovered in the cellar beneath the Houses of Parliament ready to blow up King, Lords, and Commons with gunpowder, the differences in the State were forgotten for a time in a feeling of thankfulness for delivery from an awful tragedy ; and one of the effects of the Gunpowder Plot was that Parliament cheerfully voted a large sum of money for the king's use.

But before long he needed more money, and he got it by taxing the traders, who were now carrying our flag to many parts of the world, and building up a great trade overseas. This money was collected without a law being passed, but by the king's own order. Parliament asked that the new taxes should be swept away. The king sent the members to their homes, and four of their leaders were imprisoned in the Tower of London ; and for seven years he ruled the country without any Parliament at all.

He ruled very badly. Many of the rich men took no notice of his demands for money, and he found

it very hard to get what he needed. The judges had taken his part against Parliament, but in time they turned against him. The money which the king was able to collect was spent in foolish ways. James had many favourites at Court, who gaily helped him to spend it, and one of the chief was a worthless young man, whom he made Duke of Buckingham and one of his chief advisers.

Meanwhile, the brave Sir Walter Raleigh was lying imprisoned in the Tower. Hearing of the King's need of money, he told him of a gold mine in South America, and asked to be set free in order that he might go there and bring home some of the gold for his royal master's use. The king let him go, but he did not find a gold mine, and on his return was beheaded on Tower Hill.

At last the king was forced to call Parliament together once more. It was not long before the members angered him greatly. They begged that his son Prince Charles should be married to a Protestant princess, and the king told them that this was his own affair. Parliament declared that the king was ruling in a manner which went against the rights of the people, and made an entry in their journal to that effect. The king sent for the journal, and tore out the pages on which these words were written. Once more he sent the members of Parlia-

ment to their homes, and did his best to bring about a match between Prince Charles and a princess of Catholic Spain ; but the match was broken off, and London lit bonfires to celebrate its joy at the event.

Prince Charles and Buckingham now took affairs out of the hands of the king, and for five years, up to the death of James, they really ruled in his name. The Prince won many friends at first, for he was in some ways a better and wiser man than his father ; and many people looked forward with hopefulness to the time when he should be king.

Meanwhile, the nation had been making advances which had little to do with the strife between King and Parliament. Two years after brave old Raleigh had died on Tower Hill, the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America, and began the foundation of New England. It is true that they left the Old Country because its laws would not allow them to worship God in their own way, but their love for the motherland was in no way lessened because of the tyranny of its rulers.

They sailed in the *Mayflower* and, after a stormy voyage across the Atlantic, landed at a spot to which they gave the name of Plymouth, in memory of the last English port at which they had called, and where they had received much kindness. Winter

was beginning when they landed, and they had to face sickness and famine in a strange and inhospitable land, where they were in hourly danger of attack by Indians.

But they kept up their hearts, and in spite of loss and discouragement, they maintained their footing in the new land, being often cheered by loving messages from their friends at home. "Let it not be a grief to you," wrote one of them, "that you have been able to break the ice for others. The honour shall be yours unto the world's end."

Many of these friends came over to join them, hard as it was for them to tear themselves from their native land. "I shall call that land my country," said one of them, "where I may most glorify God and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends." They would take with them only those who meant to work hard, and in this way they built up a New England worthy of the best traditions of the motherland.

Other English colonies were set up along the coast to the south of New England. Before Raleigh passed away, the Virginia of his dreams was founded, chiefly by the hard work of Captain John Smith, who taught his men that the secret of the founding of a colony was hard work. "Nothing can be got here," he said, "but by labour." So they built

houses, planted corn, and sowed tobacco even in the streets of their settlement, which they had named Jamestown, instead of marching inland to find gold mines as the followers of Raleigh had tried to do.

Another colony was set up a little later, and was given the name of Maryland; and here the first law to be made gave all who came to settle there the right to worship God as they pleased. In this new land there were if possible to be none of the quarrels in which some of the bravest blood of the Mother Country had been shed. "No person," ran the law, "who believes in Jesus Christ shall be in any way troubled in the free exercise of his or her religion."

## KING AGAINST PARLIAMENT

In all parts of the country tales are told of the days of the great Civil War between Charles I. and the Parliament; and down in "Far Cornwall" most of the people fought for the king, believing with all their hearts, as the other side did also, that they were fighting for the right.

In North Cornwall they tell many brave stories of Sir Beville Grenville and his giant servant Anthony Payne; and when you visit the pretty little market-



town of Stratton near Bude, and call at the Tree Inn, they show you the room where this true-hearted servant passed away. And if you have time to listen they will tell you this story, among others :

“ One Christmas Eve at Stowe, Sir Beville’s home, the great fire in the hall had burnt low, and the servant sent into the woods with a donkey to gather fuel was long in bringing it, so that Lady Grace grew angry, and sent off Anthony to hasten him.

“ The giant had not been long gone when he stalked into the hall, carrying both ass and logs together on his back, and under the great burden he strode out lustily, chanting ‘ Ass and fardel ! <sup>1</sup> Ass and fardel, for my lady’s Yule.’ ”

Such a servant might be expected to play no small part in any fighting which might fall to his lot, and we must pause to see how he bore himself at Lansdown Hill, one of the first battles of the Civil War. Here Sir Beville himself led the attack on the enemy, who held a strong position on a hill from whence they swept downward with a great rush. The Cornish men gave way, and Sir Beville received a mortal wound, of which he died very shortly.

Then Anthony Payne caught his master’s horse, set John Grenvile, a boy of sixteen, upon the saddle,

<sup>1</sup> Burden.

and led him to the head of the troops. This gave the Cornishmen fresh heart, and in a very short time they held the height, and stood watching their foes in retreat.

When the brave fight was over, Anthony wrote to his mistress :

HONOURED MADAM—Ill news flies apace. The heavy tidings no doubt hath already travelled to Stowe that we have lost our master.

You must not, dear lady, grieve too much for your noble spouse. You know, as we all believe, that his soul was in heaven before his bones were cold. He fell as he did often tell us he wished to die, for his country and his king.

Master John, when I mounted him on his father's horse, rode him into the war like a young prince, as he is, and our men followed him with their swords drawn and with tears in their eyes.

They did say they would kill a rebel for every hair of Sir Beville's beard. But I bade them remember their good master's word when he wiped his sword after Stamford fight, how he said when the cry was "Stab and slay!" "Halt, men ; God will avenge."

Such bravery and devotion could King Charles command, not only here but in many other parts of the country. The pity is that it seems to have been wasted !

I have begun at the end of my story, for our business is to find out what it was which set Englishmen at each other's throats in this manner. It is a long

story, the fuller details of which you must read as you grow older : and I can only give you a general idea in the space which I have taken for it.

Charles I. held to his father's belief in the Divine Right of Kings, a belief which made a good battle-cry, but a very bad rule of life in times of peace, for it meant that the king and his friends could set aside the law made by the nation in Parliament.

The king needed money. Parliament would pay it to him if he would get rid of Buckingham, who was extravagant, and a very bad adviser of the king. Then Charles in great anger said that he would ask the people himself for the money as a " free gift " ; but the people would not pay except through Parliament. Even the men of Cornwall said, " If they had two cows they would sell one of them for His Majesty—in a Parliament way." A little later Buckingham was stabbed to the heart at Portsmouth, but this did not greatly alter the position of affairs. The king sent the members of Parliament to their homes, and ruled the land himself.

In place of Buckingham, the king took as his minister the Earl of Strafford, who had ruled Ireland for him, and on the whole had ruled it well. In order to obtain funds the king said that the people must pay what was known as " ship-money." This used to be paid on the king's order by the coast towns,



THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

but the tax was now laid upon the whole country ; and a Buckinghamshire gentleman named John Hampden said that he would not pay it, because it was not imposed by Parliament.

It was said that the sum demanded from Hampden was about twenty shillings,<sup>1</sup> and people who did not understand the man laughed at him for making so much trouble about a mere trifle. But one of our great writers has said, " Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No, but the payment of half twenty shillings in the way it was demanded would have made him a slave."

The case was tried by twelve judges, and seven of them said that Hampden was wrong. But this did not settle the matter, for people said that the judges decided in this way to please the king ; that the tax had not been put on by Parliament, and that Hampden was a brave man, who deserved well of every patriot. He had at least shown that he stood for law ; and his action about ship-money was one of the burning points in the long and bitter struggle between King and Parliament.

" Mr. Hampden," said Lord Strafford to a friend, " is a great Brother,<sup>2</sup> and those people oppose all

<sup>1</sup> It was really much more, possibly nearer to £20, but that does not alter the principle in the case.

<sup>2</sup> The name given in mockery to certain members of the Puritan Party, to which Hampden belonged.

that they are told to do ; but in good faith were they right served, they should be whipped home into their right wits, and would owe much to any one who should serve them in that way."

It was not long before Strafford himself found that he had mistaken the temper of the people, who held the same ideas as Hampden on the way in which the country ought to be governed. Three years after the trial of Hampden, Strafford was sent to the Tower, tried, and condemned to death as a traitor. It was said that he had advised the king to use the army in Ireland in order to force the people of England to obey him, but this has not been proved. The king had promised Strafford to save his life, but the Londoners were so angry against him that Charles was forced to consent to his execution ; and Strafford went to his death muttering, " Put not your trust in princes."

The struggle went on, and Charles watched eagerly for any signs of division among the Parliament men. If they fell out among themselves his chance would come. There were, indeed, divisions among them, and one bleak day in January 1642 the king left his palace in Whitehall with a body of armed men, and walked the short distance to the House of Commons—you can do it to-day in five minutes. He meant to arrest five of the members

who had displeased him greatly, and among whom was John Hampden.

These men had, however, received warning of what the king meant to do, and had gone to the City of London, where the militia armed themselves to protect them. Charles entered the House, borrowed the Speaker's chair, and looked round for the five members.

As he could not see them he asked the Speaker where they were, and the latter fell on his knees: "May it please your Majesty," he said, "I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here."

The king frowned as he looked about him. "It is no matter," he said hastily, as he rose to go, "I see the birds are flown. But I do expect that you send them unto me."

This action of the king was really a declaration of war. The next six months were spent by both sides in making preparations for the coming struggle. The king sent his wife across the Channel with all the money he could collect, telling her to spend it all in buying warlike material in Holland and in France, her native land. The Parliament men also got ready, and military stores were collected in various places.

The king, who had been travelling about the country for some time, called upon the governor of Hull to admit him within the walls of that town, and hand over for his use the stores within the place. The governor shut the gates, and said that he took his orders from the Parliament alone. Two months later the king set up his standard at Nottingham, and called upon all his friends to come to his aid, sincerely believing that he was acting for the good of his people.

It was not long before the actual fighting began, and I have already given you an instance of the kind of spirit which the war aroused among the friends of the king, who were to be found in all parts of the land. The Parliament men had no easy task before them, but in time a leader arose who turned the tide of affairs. This was Oliver Cromwell.

### OLIVER CROMWELL

THE great Civil War lasted for about nine years, from 1642 to 1651. On one side were the friends of King Charles, who are known in history as the Cavaliers, because many of them were horsemen, the name being derived from the French word *cheval*, meaning a horse. On the other side were

the Parliament men, who were nicknamed Roundheads, because most of them wore their hair closely cropped, while the fashion among many of the king's friends was to wear the hair in long curls hanging down upon their shoulders. These matters have not much to do with the war, but it makes the story simpler if we divide the two parties into Cavaliers and Roundheads.

Each party had supporters in all parts of the country. Each believed that it was fighting for the right. Neither side could trust the promises of the other. Nothing could be done in such a situation but to fight out the battle to the bitter end; and this the country now proceeded to do.

The map on page 127 shows where the fighting took place. We cannot here study the campaign in detail, but the names of the five chief fights ought to be remembered. These were :

Edgehill, 1642.

Newbury (1), 1643.

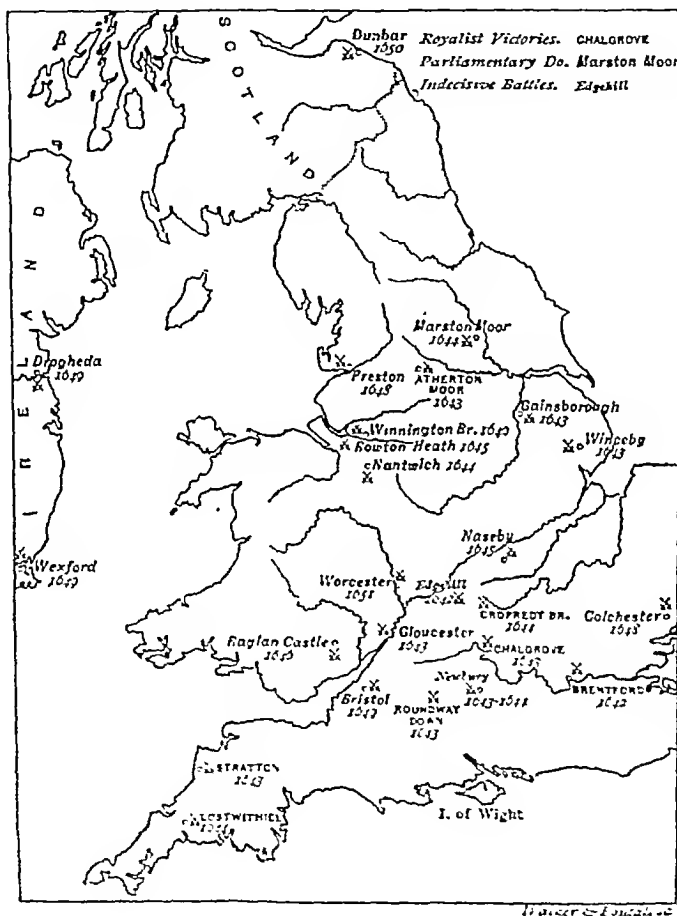
Marston Moor, 1644.

Newbury (2), 1644.

Naseby, 1645.

If you draw a line through York and Oxford on our map, and you will find that three of the places where battles were fought lie near this line to the

westward, and the other not far from this line to the eastward.



At first the king's forces had the advantage, on the whole. His cavalry leader was his nephew Prince Rupert, a dashing horseman, who feared

nothing, but who was too eager and impetuous to make a really good general.

One day in June of the second year of the war he rode out from Oxford, where the king had his camp, with about two thousand of his gallant horsemen. The force surprised a troop of Roundheads, and a fight took place at Chalgrove Field, in which John Hampden was wounded. The fight was not very important in the campaign, from a military point of view, but Hampden's wound proved fatal.

He had been shot in the shoulder, and he was seen "to ride off the field before the action was done, which he never used to do, with his head hanging down, and resting his hands upon the neck of his horse."

He lingered for some time before he died, and the king sent a messenger to enquire after him, and "would have sent," says a writer of the time, "any surgeon of his had any been wanting, for he looked upon Hampden's help, if he could but gain his affection, as a means of coming to a peace."

But Hampden passed away, and was badly missed by his party. Meanwhile, a Roundhead leader named Oliver Cromwell was steadily coming to the front. One day this man had said to one of his friends that the men on the side of the Parliament were

mostly "old decayed tapsters and serving men." "How shall such base and mean fellows," he asked, "be able to meet gentlemen of honour and courage and resolution?"

Cromwell made up his mind to form and train a troop of men upon whose "honour, courage and resolution" he could rely. "You must get men," he kept on saying, "of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or you will be beaten still." In a short time he had under his command what he called "a lovely company of honest sober Christians."

He selected his officers with great care. "If you choose godly honest men to be captains of horse," he said, "honest men will follow them—I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for and loves what he knows, than what you call a gentleman who is nothing else."

With this regiment of "Ironsides," so called because they wore a "back and breast" of steel, Cromwell played a leading part in the war. At Marston Moor he scattered Prince Rupert's men "like a little dust," and greatly helped in winning a victory for the Parliament. After this he went on with his work of training more and more good soldiers, who proved their mettle at Naseby, which

decided the fate of the war in favour of the Parliament.

In this battle King Charles himself wished to charge at the head of his bodyguard. "Will you go to your death?" cried one of his officers, seizing his charger's rein and turning the king out of the press. Charles was for a moment undecided, and then rode back. Perhaps it had been better if on that field he had indeed gone "to his death," for this would have been a braver end than that which awaited him.

The story of the rest of his life is one of the saddest in history. The king was now a fugitive, riding about from place to place with a small force, trying to raise an army but trying in vain. The Marquis of Montrose got together an army of Highlanders, and marched south to fight on his side, but at Philiphaugh he was beaten by the Lowland Scots, who were on the side of Cromwell and his friends. After a while the king gave himself up to the Scots at Newark, and was handed over by them to the English leaders.

He was kept as a kind of prisoner at a house in the Midlands while the state of affairs was being talked over. There was a great deal of confusion and difference of opinion, while during all the discussion both parties held themselves ready to fight again.



THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

But we shall do well to fix our eyes upon Oliver Cromwell, as he was the man who really brought the matter to an end.

At first he had no idea of doing any personal harm to the king. He wished, he said, for himself and his friends "leave to live as subjects ought to do," and there were many who said that he was too kind to King Charles. But as time went on he found that he could not trust the king's word, and about the time when Charles made his escape from London to the Isle of Wight, Cromwell began to think that the matter must be settled in another way.

Fighting broke out again, and Cromwell took a leading part in it. At Preston he beat the Scots, who were now on the king's side, and when this second part of the war was over the leaders of the army had made up their minds to "punish" the king whatever the members of Parliament might think or do about it.

One day in December 1648 an officer named Pride marched his regiment to the House of Commons, and detained or drove away all the members who were against the army. There were about sixty members left who could be trusted to do what the generals wished to be done.

It was a sad ending to the fight for the freedom of Parliament. But Cromwell and his friends had now

made up their minds that there would be no peace in the land until the king was dead ; and they did not greatly care how they got what they wanted.

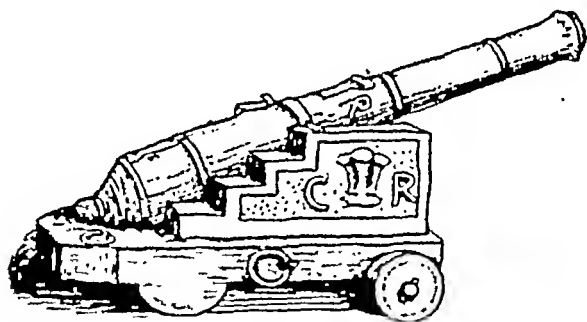
The members who were left now chose judges to try the king. Many of these were soldiers, and they came to the trial in Westminster Hall ready to pass sentence of death whatever happened. The king said that such a body had no right to try him, and then kept a dignified silence while he was condemned to die as a " tyrant and a traitor."

Four days later he was led to his death, and died like a hero, after saying that he was a victim " of the power of the sword," which was true enough, as we have seen. So ended the great struggle between King and Parliament. It was not a victory for law, it is true, but the great Civil War is only a stage in the long task undertaken by the nation of beating out a method of government by which the nation was to govern itself. We shall read of later stages as we go on.

Meanwhile, a great deal had been done in carrying on the work begun by the Pilgrim Fathers in the reign of James I. The trouble at home caused large numbers of English people to leave their country ; and if you find out Boston in a map of the United States, the name will help you to remember that the people of our English Boston in

Lincolnshire helped to found the American city far away across the sea.

There is a story that Oliver Cromwell meant to leave this country and settle in America, but that he was prevented in some way. It would have made a great deal of difference to British history if he had gone, and perhaps to American history also.



## THE COMMONWEALTH

IF you glance down the list of monarchs on page 256 of this book you will find among the names of kings and queens the words, "The Commonwealth," and the dates 1649-1660. During these eleven years our country had no king. The chief person in the land was Oliver Cromwell. And across the sea Prince Charles, the son of the late king, waited his time for recall.

He had been crowned as King of Scotland after the death of his father, and had made an attempt to seat himself also upon the throne of England ; but he had been defeated in battle at Worcester, and after that fight he became a fugitive, finally making his escape to France. He had many adventures before he left the country. One story tells of his hiding in a leafy oak tree, while Cromwell's troopers passing in search of him rode beneath the branches ; and when he became king of England his friends kept each 29th of May, the anniversary of his return, as "Royal Oak Day" with great rejoicing. But let us see how the nation, apart from this prince, went on with its work in the world.

It went on beating out that form of government by which the nation was to govern itself. Through all the trouble of the Civil War, and during the dark

hour when the king of England was brought to his death, the nation had clung to this idea. Parliament must choose the judges to try the king. It was a spoilt Parliament, it is true, from which the soldiers of Cromwell had sent away the men who did not agree with their master ; and in some ways Cromwell was a greater tyrant than Charles I. But in spite of kings and soldiers the idea that the nation was to govern itself was still alive, and was destined to come out victorious.

Cromwell had shown no mercy and no hesitation in bringing the king to "punishment." He now wished to set about the task of getting together a new Parliament. But he was called away to "settle" Ireland, which was in revolt. Having once drawn the sword, he used it with terrible effect, marching from victory to victory, and putting thousands to death who were found in arms when certain towns had been taken.

Then, having crossed the sea once more, he marched north, and won a decisive victory over the Scots at Dunbar. Meanwhile, Prince Charles had marched south to Worcester, as we have seen : and it was Cromwell who won near that city the victory which he called his "crowning mercy," and sent the prince "on his travels."

The way of the great general was now somewhat



DUNBAR.

clearer, and no ruler in history ever had a more difficult task before him.

“Now that the king is dead and his son defeated,” he said, “I think it necessary to come to a settlement.” It was more easily said than done, for there were many opinions among those who did not wish for a king as to the way in which a “settlement” was to be made.

One April day Cromwell walked down from Whitehall to the House of Commons with a body of armed men at his back. Charles I. had taken that same short walk about eleven years before, as

you will remember. Ordering his musketeers to remain at the door, Cromwell entered the House, and sat down in his place, "clad in plain grey clothes and grey worsted stockings."

For a time he listened with impatience to the business that was going forward. Then he rose to his feet, gave his opinion, and added, "Your hour has come. The Lord hath done with you." Angry voices arose, but he cried out, "Come, come, we have had enough of this"; and walking into the middle of the chamber he put his hat upon his head, and said, "I will put an end to your prating."

There was now great confusion and clamour, but at a sign from Cromwell the troopers entered the House, and the members passed out. Cromwell lifted the mace from the table before the Speaker's chair. "What shall we do with this bauble?" he said. "Take it away." Then the door of the House was locked, and Cromwell went home again. It was a strange scene, but we must not forget Cromwell's view. This was no true Parliament, for it was made up of those members whom the soldiers had allowed to stay (see p. 132), and he meant to have one which could really speak for the whole nation. The old idea was still alive—the nation was to govern the nation.

In the next year a new Parliament was called

together in which members from Scotland and Ireland sat side by side with those from England. "The great end of your meeting," Cromwell told the members when they came together, "is healing and settling." But in a short time he sent the members back to their homes, for they could not agree among themselves.

Then he called another Parliament together, and the members offered to make him king! But he refused the title, and took that of Lord Protector. At a meeting of Parliament he was "clothed in a mantle of state, a sceptre was placed in his hand, and a sword of justice was girt at his side." He was king in all but name, and for the rest of his life he ruled the land—with the occasional help of Parliament.

Let us turn from affairs at home to see what was taking place abroad. Whatever people thought of Cromwell in England, many people of other nations thought he was strong and determined, and felt great fear and respect for him and for his country. When he began his career the Dutch were leaders upon the ocean, and one day their admiral sailed down the English Channel with a broom at his mast-head, to show that he had swept the English from the sea. But our brave Admiral Blake changed all that, and before the life of Cromwell was ended the English ships were first upon the sea.

When Cromwell began his career, France and Spain looked with hatred and contempt upon the nation that had "murdered" its king. But the proud princes of the Continent learnt to bow to the summons of the simple country gentleman who had formed the troop of Ironsides; and those who dared to harm Protestants had to reckon with the champion who was Lord Protector of these islands.

Englishmen thought of Drake when they named Blake the great sailor of the time, and it was not only the similarity in sound of the two names which recalled the great days of Elizabeth. For, as Drake had done, Blake hunted the Spaniards on the high seas, and sent home many ships laden with silver which he had captured. He also followed the enemy's ships into a Spanish harbour, just as Drake had done.

This was at Santa Cruz, and with this brave story we will conclude this chapter:

"All things being ordered for fight, a squadron of ships was drawn out of the whole fleet to make the first onset; these were commanded by Captain Stainer in the *Speaker* frigate, who no sooner had received orders but immediately he flew into the bay with his canvas wings, and by eight in the morning fell pell-mell upon the Spanish fleet, without the least regard to the forts that spent their shot prodigally upon him.

"No sooner were these entered into the bay but Blake, following later, placed certain ships to pour broadsides into the castle and forts; these played their parts so well that after some time the Spaniards found their forts too hot to be held.

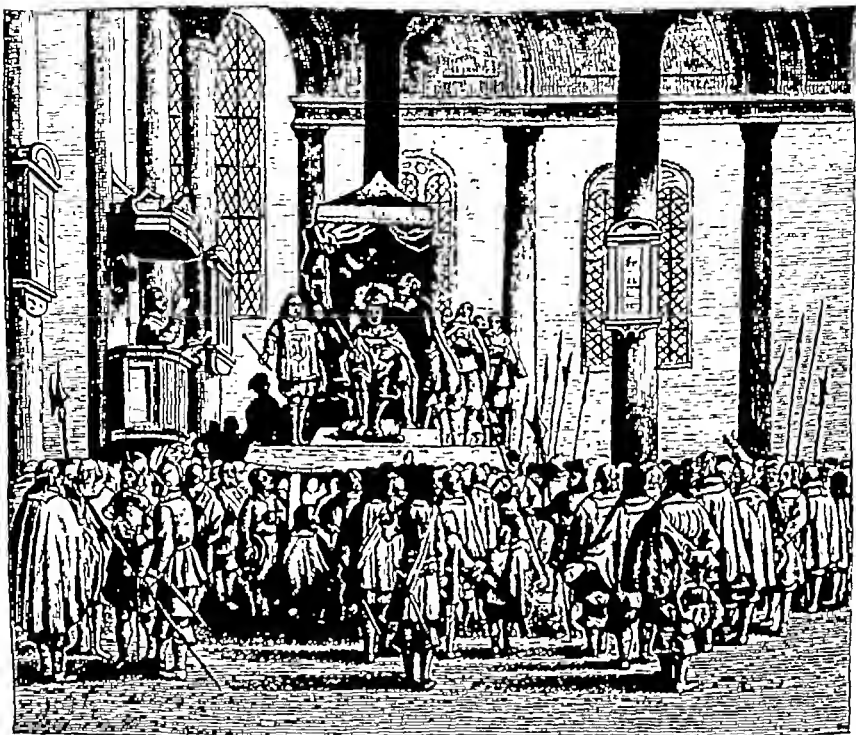
"In the meantime Blake strikes in with Stainer, and bravely fought the Spanish ships, which were not much inferior in number to the English, but in men they were far the superior. By two of the clock in the afternoon the English had beaten their enemies out of their ships.

"Now Blake, seeing an impossibility of carrying them away, he ordered his men to fire their prizes, which was done so effectually that all the Spanish fleet were reduced to ashes, except two ships that sunk downright, nothing remaining of them above water but some part of their masts."

## THE RETURN OF THE KING

"I WOULD be willing to live," said Cromwell on his deathbed, "to be further serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done! Yet God will be with His people!"

He died on the third day of September in the year 1658. This was the anniversary of his two



CROWNING OF CHARLES II. AT SCONE.

great victories of Dunbar and Worcester. Just before he died a great storm passed over part of England, tearing roofs from houses and uprooting huge trees.

Cromwell's son Richard was named as Protector in his place, but he was not a strong man like his father. Moreover, the nation was in a mood for change. Cromwell and his friends of the so-called

Puritan party had taken life too solemnly, with the result that many people were now ready to take it too lightly, and to forget their duty in enjoyment. After much dispute among the leading men of the country, it was decided "that, according to the ancient laws of this kingdom, the government is, and ought to be, by King, Lords, and Commons." The old idea was still alive. The nation as a whole was to govern itself. Cromwell's work was not to be *all* undone.

Charles in his exile at the Hague in Holland roused the pity of the people; and when he sent a letter home promising to pardon all who had taken any part against his family and to allow men to worship God in their own way, the nation was ready to receive him with open arms.

It was a very happy party which sailed across to Dover in the merry month of May in the year 1660. Among his friends Charles was graciousness itself. One who was on board the royal vessel writes :

"Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made one ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of shoes that made

him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir.

“ Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company that took them for rogues. At one place he sat at table with a man who had been of his own regiment at Worcester, but did not know him, and made him drink the king’s health, saying that the king was four fingers higher than he.

“ At another place he was made to drink by some servants of the house, that they might know him not to be a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the king was standing with his hands on the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately saying that he would not ask who he was, but bade God bless him whither he was going.”

With such tales the returning prince beguiled the journey. He landed at Dover and made his way to the palace of Whitehall in London. Everywhere he was received with the utmost joy. “ It is my own fault,” he said, “ that I had not come back sooner, for I find nobody who does not tell me he has always longed for my return.”

The reign begun with such rejoicing was one of the most disgraceful in our history, and it lasted, unfortunately, for a quarter of a century. It may be some satisfaction to remember that the new king was



CHARLES STUART ENTERS LONDON.

more of an alien than an Englishman, having spent the years of his early manhood in various parts of the Continent, belonging to no country in particular.

He was well-mannered, witty, and pleasant, ready to make himself agreeable in any company. But he laughed at goodness; he was selfish and pleasure-loving, and the chief aim of his life was to enjoy himself. Now that he had been called to the

throne of his fathers he meant to please himself in every way he could, but without so arousing the people that he would be "sent on his travels again."

He ruled, indeed, with the help of a Parliament, but the members were of a different stamp from those who had defended the rights of the nation against Charles I. They were ready to do whatever the new king wished, and to vote him large sums of money. They declared that it would be unlawful to make war on the king, and gave him control of both army and navy. As yet they had not found out the true character of their new monarch.

In spite of the king's promise before his return, steps were taken to punish those who had been concerned in the government of the country under the Commonwealth. The Puritans had fought among other things for the right to worship God in their own way, but now they were not allowed to do so. Many of the clergymen who would not obey the new laws lost their livings, and large numbers of people were put in prison for holding religious meetings. One of these was a tinker of Bedfordshire, named John Bunyan, and while he was in gaol he wrote his great book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which tells of the wonderful journey of Christian to the Celestial City.

Before long England went to war with Holland,

and Charles appointed two soldiers as his admirals, one of them being the dashing Prince Rupert who had fought so bravely in the Civil War. The English ships were beaten by the Dutch, some of whose vessels even sailed up the Thames, and the nation was filled with shame by a situation which was entirely the fault of its leaders.

While this unhappy war was going on, England was visited by a terrible disease, known as the "Great Plague," which was particularly bad in London. Thousands of people died, and the doctors were filled with such fright that they ran away from the city. The dead lay about the streets in great numbers, and were buried in large plague pits after being collected in a cart.

The disease had scarcely abated when London was visited by a fresh calamity, which was, however, a blessing in disguise. This was the Great Fire which raged for several days, and destroyed the old Cathedral of St. Paul, as well as most of the finest of the old buildings of the capital. It also swept away the fever dens and dirty streets where the Plague was said to have begun ; and it gave to a great architect an opportunity of proving his ability.

This was Christopher Wren, who planned and built the new St. Paul's Cathedral, which is now one of the glories of London, and indeed of the world.

It took thirty-five years to erect the great church, and while he was engaged in this work, the architect built no less than thirty other places of worship in London. He was buried in the cathedral, and on his tomb was carved in Latin the inscription, "Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around."

The king now took a further step in his career of disgrace. Parliament was not quite so flattering and obedient to him as it had been when he returned from "his travels"; and he looked about for some means of getting money without asking Parliament for it. He also wished to bring back into England the Roman Catholic religion, although the fierce struggle of Protestant against Catholic had already been fought out and won by the former. Let us see how this king planned to achieve his double purpose.

The powerful King of France, Louis XIV., the cousin of King Charles, was a Roman Catholic and wished to conquer Holland. The King of England arranged with him to go to war with the Dutch, and in return for this help Charles was to get a large sum of money every year. He was also to have the assistance of French soldiers if the English should rise against him when he tried to make his own country Roman Catholic.

There was great anger in England when it was found out what had been arranged. But Charles

gave way as soon as he was taken to task, greatly to the disgust of his cousin, the French king, who was not used to interference by a Parliament. The English king was, however, only waiting and watching for a better chance to carry out his plans; but the chance did not come, though Charles made many attempts to get his own way. He was deep in another plot in favour of the Roman Catholics when, at the age of fifty-five, he died, and the country was set free from a king who deserved much better than his father the description of "a tyrant and a traitor."

It is a pleasure to turn from the story of a disgraceful reign to recall the work of such men as John Bunyan and Christopher Wren, whom I have mentioned, and whose work shed true glory upon the time. Another quiet worker, whose name will live when that of King Charles will be gladly forgotten, was Isaac Newton, the scientist and mathematician. At the end of a long and useful life this great man said to some friends who were praising him: "To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the seashore, while the immense ocean of truth lay unexplored before me."

The return of King Charles II. is known in our history as the Restoration, and we have gained in this chapter a slight idea of what it meant for the



JOHN BUNYAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTIAN.

country. The king was succeeded by his brother, James II., who was a Roman Catholic, and the last Stuart king to bear rule in these kingdoms. For, as we shall see, his reign ended in a revolution.

## KING BY INVITATION

WHEN Charles II. was plotting with the King of France to make England a Roman Catholic country, he tried to deceive his people by marrying his niece, Mary, to William, Prince of Orange.

This young prince was a Protestant and the champion of the Protestants in Europe against the Catholic king, Louis XIV. of France. William became the ruler of Holland, and when the French went to war with that country he checked their advance by opening the dykes and flooding the southern portion of the land, part of which, as you may know, lies beneath the level of the North Sea.

This desperate plan had been followed at an earlier time in the history of Holland when Spain was trying to conquer her, and at that time the cry of the Dutch patriots was, "Better a drowned land than a lost land." Its adoption by William, Prince of Orange, shows the spirit of the man who became the husband of the Princess Mary of England. Remember always that the great object of his life was to check and defeat the powerful King of France, who had great ideas of making himself master of the best part of Europe. Now let us learn what this Prince of Orange had to do with the history of our own country. We shall see that when Charles II.



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

*From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.*

made that marriage between William and Mary, he was, without knowing it, securing a Protestant king for his country.

On his deathbed he became openly, as he had long been in secret, a Roman Catholic. His brother, James, who succeeded him, was a Roman Catholic also, and as soon as he came to the throne he began to make plans to favour the members of his own church, and if possible to make England a Catholic country ; and without taking sides in religion, we must remember as a matter of history and as a simple fact, that the nation had decided to have only a Protestant king.

We must remember, further, that in spite of all the dispute and bloodshed of past years, the idea of Divine Right was still held by King James and his friends. According to this belief, the king was above the laws, and could set them aside if he thought well. It was the old struggle still alive, but now to be settled once for all, and fortunately without bloodshed, at least in England ; settled also through the plan made by King Charles himself for marrying his niece to a Protestant prince. This was not the first time in history that men had laid plans to please themselves and found them turned to their own discomfiture.

It was not long before the new king made an

attempt to set aside the will of the nation. In view of what had happened and of the temper of his people, he must have been either very bold or very blind.

An incident like the following might have warned him. It was against the law that a messenger from the Pope of Rome should be received in state at Windsor. When the Duke of Somerset was told to admit such a messenger to the king's chamber he said: "I am advised that I cannot obey Your Majesty without breaking the law." "Do you not know that I am above the law?" asked the king in great anger. "Your Majesty *may* be, but I am not," was the Duke's reply.

The story of this short reign really centres round the Trial of the Seven Bishops; and we must try to understand the true meaning of this event in our history, which led to a change of rulers.

The king put out a document known as the Declaration of Indulgence, in which he gave rights to Catholics which were against the law; and he appointed two successive Sundays on which the clergy were to read this paper to their congregations. Before the first of these Sundays, Archbishop Sancroft and six bishops met together and signed a paper respectfully asking the king not to insist upon his order to the clergy. The king was very

angry, and spoke of the "rebellion" of the bishops. The first Sunday came, and in London the Declaration was read in four churches only, and in these most of the people rose and left their places as soon as the first words were heard. In the country almost all the clergy refused to break the law of the land, even at the king's request.

King James was more angry than ever. The bishops were sent to the Tower, and before long were brought before a bench of judges carefully selected to please the king. But these men knew the feeling of the people, and the bishops were set free, to the great joy of the nation. Even the soldiers on which the foolish king was relying gave vent to their joy when they learnt the verdict of the judges. The king himself heard those cheers, and they showed him at last that he stood alone before an angry and determined nation which had made up its mind that the law of the land made in Parliament must be kept by king and people alike.

Meanwhile certain noblemen were already arranging with the Prince of Orange to come over to England and "defend her Protestant liberties." The Prince saw in this invitation from England an opportunity of becoming stronger against the King of France, so he made ready to cross the seas. News of his intention was carried to King James, whose ships

kept watch along the eastern coast. But the ships bearing William's Dutch soldiers sailed down the English Channel, and on the 5th of November 1688 they appeared off the coast of Devon.

"It was a foggy morning," we read in a diary of the time, "but the sun, recovering strength, soon dissipated the fog, so that it proved a very pleasant day.

"Now every vessel set out its colours, which made a very pleasant show. By this time the people of Devonshire about Brixham (in Tor Bay) had discovered the fleet; the one telling the other thereof, they came flocking in droves to the side or brow of the hills to view us; some guessed we were French, because they saw divers white flags; but the standard of the Prince, the motto of which was *For the Protestant Religion and Liberty*, soon undeceived them.

"The major part of the fleet being come into the bay, boats were ordered to carry the Prince on shore with his guards; and passing towards the land with sundry lords, the admiral gave divers guns at his landing.

"The boat was held lengthways till the Prince was on shore; so after he had set foot on land, then came all the lords and guards, some going before the Prince's sacred person and some after."



Another account says that the Prince's boat was stopped in the shallow water at some distance from the quay, and that the Prince called out, "If I am welcome, come and carry me ashore." Thereupon

a little man plunged into the water and carried his future monarch to the steps of the pier, and afterwards rode before him bareheaded all the way to Exeter.

Meanwhile the people of a large house not far from the shore, who were of King James's party, were singing the *Te Deum*, to show their great joy at what they thought was a landing of the French!

King James marched westward to meet the invader, but as he went the leaders of his army left him one by one, and he made his way back to London to find that his daughter, Anne, had gone to join the Prince of Orange, who was, of course, her brother-in-law. "God help me," he cried, "for my own children have forsaken me."

The leading men throughout the land came to the standard of William. The queen and her infant son were sent to France, and James tried to follow them. But he was taken and brought back to London. He was, however, allowed to make his escape again, and this time reached France in safety. It could now be said with some show of truth that the king had left his throne of his own free will. Such was the Revolution of 1688.

The English leaders wished to make Mary queen, and asked William to rule as her "consort." This he refused to do, and as his wife also declined to be

queen without her husband, the two were chosen as joint sovereigns, which really meant that William, Prince of Orange, was now William II. of Great Britain, France (!), and Ireland.

He promised to rule in accordance with the laws of the land as made by the nation in its own Parliament. So we have here the real victory of the struggle which began when James I. became king and made known his idea of Divine Right.

### THE WORK OF WILLIAM III.

WE have seen that the great change known in history as the Revolution of 1688 was brought about without bloodshed in England. There was fighting, however, both in Scotland and Ireland before the new monarch could settle down to the work of his life, which his position as king of these islands enabled him to do better than he would have done as the head of the Dutch nation alone.

What *was* the work of his life? It was to check and restrain the power of the King of France, whose aim was to make himself master of the best part of Europe, and to set up French states in other parts of the world as well.

The fighting in Scotland and Ireland was not really important; but because it took place in our own country, and because much prose and poetry has been written about it, we are apt to give it more prominence than it deserves. In Scotland the brave Highland clans under John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, rose against the new king, whose officers in the northern kingdom sent an army into the mountain lands of Perthshire.

Dundee fell back before this force, until it was caught in the long, narrow pass of Killiecrankie. Then he swooped down upon it and routed it completely, though his men were equipped only with sword and shield, while the king's soldiers fought with the musket. Dundee, however, fell in the moment of victory, and after his death the rebellion died down. Beside the great battles of the Continent in which the new king was afterwards to engage, this Highland fight was a very small affair indeed.

In Ireland the struggle was longer and more bitter. James himself landed in that country with French officers and money, and before long only the north-east corner held out against him, many of the friends of King William having taken refuge in Londonderry. Here they stood a siege of nearly four months and were reduced almost to starvation before help reached them by sea.



JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE.

*From the painting by Sir Peter Lely in the possession of the Earl of Strathmore.*

Then King William himself came over at the head of a force considered large for those days, and marched on Dublin. The Irish took up a position near the River Boyne, but were badly beaten, and James made haste to return to France.

So much for Killiecrankie, Londonderry, and the Boyne. Now let us follow the new king's career on the Continent, where much of the fighting took place in the country which is now known as Belgium, and which has been called, only too well, the "battlefield of Europe." But before this desperate fighting was well begun a British victory at sea set the minds of William's new subjects at rest, so far as the return of the exiled king was concerned.

The French king collected a great army in Normandy ready to invade England, and ordered up his warships to stand by while the transports were crossing the Channel. He felt quite safe in doing this, for he had the promise of the English admiral, Russell, who favoured James, that our Channel fleet would help him!

But when the French warships came in sight, the English admiral attacked them. Whether he was a double traitor and had lured the French into a trap, or was simply overcome by the prospect of a fight against the "ancient foe" of his country, history does not make clear. The fact remains, however,

that in the fierce battle of La Hogue he gave the French a thorough beating, and removed all danger of the return of James Stuart to the throne of England. Admiral Russell was made a lord, though he scarcely deserved reward from a king whom he had plotted to dethrone.

When William III. crossed the sea to fight the French king, he took British troops with him, and soon learnt to rely upon their valour. He was beaten in two great pitched battles in the heart of Belgium; but his men stood their ground so well that the enemy gained no real advantage from their victories. It was the British soldiers, too, who helped him to win from the French the great fortress of Namur. Here they forced their way into the place after desperate fighting, and made the French leader surrender, although a large army of his own people was close to the town.

After this great fight the armies rested, and the French king gave up all he had gained during the last twenty years. He also said that he would recognise William III. as King of Great Britain and Ireland, but he would not turn out his friend, James Stuart, who had taken refuge with him, which was, of course, to his credit.

The French king, however, was biding his time. About two years later he schemed to make his



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

grandson King of Spain. This led to war again, because the other nations of Europe felt that there would not be much for them if these two great countries were under the rule of one royal family. But just when we had got ready for the struggle, King William met with an accident while out hunting, and this brought him to his death.

But, as we shall see, his work went on, and his great purpose of checking the power of France was carried out by the Duke of Marlborough of whom we shall read in our next chapter.

Meanwhile the friends of the exiled King James had not given up all hope of placing a Stuart once more upon the throne of Britain. These people came to be known as Jacobites, a name formed from *Jacobus*, the Latin word for James. Just before King William died James Stuart passed away; and when the King of France hailed his son as James III., the British nation became very angry and were quite eager for the war which was just about to begin.

The Jacobites form one of the most romantic and interesting parties in history, and had among them some of the bravest and most devoted men and women who have ever given themselves to the championship of a lost cause. Their badge was the white rose, and for a long time after William III. came to the throne



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many of the chief men in the Court were secretly in favour of the absent king.

When the toast of "the King" was offered, they would hold their glasses over the finger-bowls, filled with water, which stood on the dining table. This meant that they drank to "the king over the water." When the meaning of this was discovered, orders were given that finger-bowls were not to be placed upon the royal tables. And it was only when King Edward VII. came to the throne that they were once more brought into use.

Another custom of the Jacobites was to drink to the health of "the little gentleman in the black velvet coat." This was the mole, for it was said that King William died as the result of injury received when his horse stumbled over a molehill. All of this seems very silly to us, but it reminds us that in studying the history of this time we must not forget the Jacobites; and perhaps the pleasantest way to get to know something about these interesting people is to read Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Waverley*.

Queen Mary had died before her husband, who was followed on the throne by his wife's sister, Anne. With the death of King William, we must take note of a change which was taking place among those who had the affairs of the nation in their hands. King William was a soldier and a general, who was happiest

when he was in the saddle and directing or leading an army, especially if his foe was French. Here is a glimpse of him at the Battle of the Boyne, when the fighting was at its sharpest :

“ Just at this conjuncture, William came up with the left wing. He had found much difficulty in crossing the river. The tide was running fast. His charger had been forced to swim, and had been almost lost in the mud. As soon as the King was on firm ground, he took his sword in his left hand,—for his right arm was stiff with his wound and his bandage,—and led his men to the place where the fight was hottest.”

With such a king upon the throne we might expect that the management of more peaceful affairs would pass largely into other hands. And we now find the king's “ ministers ” or advisers becoming of more and more importance in the country. These men were, of course, answerable for what they did to Parliament, which stood for the nation, more or less. So you see how our present method of governing began to grow.

Of course it was not only because King William preferred the life of a soldier that the government of the country was passing into other hands. It was Parliament which had invited him to be king, and it was Parliament which found the money for his

wars. So we see that, in spite of the return of Charles II., the old idea of the nation governing the nation was winning all along the line.

## THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

KING WILLIAM III. left his task of fighting the King of France to one of the greatest generals in history. This was John Churchill, who was afterwards made Duke of Marlborough. He had been a supporter of the exiled king even while he was serving King William ; and when the latter found out his treachery he sent him from Court in disgrace, saying grimly, " Were I and my Lord Marlborough private persons, the sword would have to settle between us." But when the king was dying, he told the Princess Anne that Marlborough was the only man living who could lead her armies to victory. So the great soldier came back to Court, ready enough to prove that the king's belief in his ability was not misplaced. He must indeed have understood the art of war completely when we can read of him, " He stands alone in his unbroken good fortune. . . . He never besieged a fortress that he did not take, or fought a battle which he did not win."



PRINCE EUGENE AND MARLBOROUGH ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

There is a poem which some of you may have read, named after Marlborough's greatest victory, "The Battle of Blenheim." It tells of two German peasant children playing near their grandfather, Kaspar, who was sitting by his cottage door not far from the great battlefield, but, of course, long after the fighting was over.

The children in their play found a strange object, "large and smooth and round," and took it to their grandfather, to ask him what it was.

"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory."

The little ones at once demand the story, and the old man goes on :

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout.  
But what they killed each other for  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
"That 'twas a famous victory."

Let us see first how this great fight was fought, and then I will try to answer the children's question and tell you "what 'twas all about."

You already know that King William's great desire had been to check the power of King Louis

XIV. of France, and it was to carry out this wish that the British, under Marlborough, fought the Battle of Blenheim in the year 1704. They had the help of the Austrians and the Dutch in this work, and among the former was a great soldier named Prince Eugene. Blenheim was a little village on the north bank of the Danube in Bavaria, near which the French had taken up a very strong position, with a swamp before them, the River Danube to the right, and hill country to the left of them. The task of Marlborough and Prince Eugene was to dislodge them from this position.

The stern work began early in the morning, just after the sun had risen, but it was midday before Prince Eugene succeeded in getting over the swamp through which a small stream ran to the Danube. Then the British infantry got over, attacked the village of Blenheim, which was full of French, and were checked, as Prince Eugene was also, at the other end of the line. But Marlborough had chosen to attack the centre of the enemy's line, as this was the hardest task of all, and therefore the best worth performing.

His engineers quickly made a road across the morass, over which a body of eight thousand horsemen crossed, with the Duke at their head—he was in the saddle for seventeen hours that day. Two

desperate cavalry charges decided the battle. The French were flung back towards the Danube, and their leader, Marshal de Tallard, handed his sword to Marlborough, in the manner shown on one of the tapestries hanging in the palace which the Duke built in Oxfordshire, and which bears the name of the great fight.

One of the victor's first acts was to send a short note to his wife telling her of the victory, not omitting the picturesque detail that he had the French general in his own coach ; and the next day he sent a second letter, part of which ran as follows :

" August 14.—Before the battle was quite done yesterday, I writ to my dearest soul to let her know that I was well, and that God had blessed Her Majesty's arms with as great a victory as has ever been known ; for prisoners I have the Marshal de Tallard, and the greatest part of his general officers, 8000 men and near 1500 officers. . . . I am so very much out of order with having been seventeen hours on horseback yesterday, and not having been able to sleep above three hours last night, that I can write to none of my friends. However, I am so pleased with this action that I can't end my letter without being so vain as to tell my dearest soul, that within the memory of man there has been no victory as great as this."



THE SURRENDER OF MARSHAL TALLARD TO MARLBOROUGH.

*From the tapestry at Blenheim, the English home of the conqueror.*

The British commander had now won the distinction of becoming the "bogey-man" of all the little French children, who fled to the protection of their mothers' skirts when they were told that "Malbrook" would get them if they were naughty.

After Blenheim, the power of the great foe of William III. grew less and less. Marlborough defeated his troops again and yet again, and at last pierced the "iron frontier" to the north of France, which had been considered too strong for any army to break. France was in a terrible state during the winter which followed. The cold was intense, and many of the people were starving. The courtiers of the proud king were glad to get even the black bread of the despised peasants to eat. At last peace was arranged; and if we note carefully one of the articles of this peace, we shall see what Britain and France were really fighting for.

It was agreed that the French king should give up to Britain the American island of Newfoundland, the Hudson Bay Territory, and Nova Scotia, which was then known as Acadia. It was really this hold on America for which we fought at Blenheim. France as well as Britain had for some time been building up a Colonial Empire on the other side of the Atlantic, and the French and British in America were continually quarrelling with each other. This

is "what 'twas all about," so far as Britain was concerned; and on the field of Blenheim Marlborough was fighting the battle of British Canada. Let us note briefly what had been going on in that far-away land.

The fine ladies of the court of Louis XIV. wore magnificent furs, and they found them very useful in the dreadful winter of which I spoke above. These furs had been secured by the brave French trappers of the Hudson Bay Territory, who carried on a trade in skins, which were exported to Europe. The French had also taken up the cod-fishing off the island of Newfoundland and had begun to farm in the provinces now known as Quebec and Ontario. Their chief centres were Quebec and Montreal, and the settlements here had been made after the explorations of brave men like Samuel Champlain.

Farther south lay the British colonies on the Atlantic seaboard, behind which the French had begun to set up a line of forts, which were to run southwards across the great plain of the Mississippi to their town of New Orleans. There were continual rivalry and fighting between French and British, and it was very clear that the two races were not going to settle down side by side in the New World. There was to be no peace until one was master. I am not defending or excusing one side or the other, but simply stating the facts of history.

Britain, then, had gained new lands of real value in the New World by means of her victories in the Old World. Meanwhile British and French were fighting against each other in India also, as we shall see in a later chapter of this book.

In the year after Blenheim, the Jacobites made an attempt to place the son of James II. on the throne. He is known in history as the Old Pretender, because some people said that he was not really the son of the exiled king at all.

The Earl of Mar rose in Scotland and "James III." met him at Perth, where arrangements were made for the coronation at Scone. But when his friends saw him they were not greatly impressed with him, for he seems to have been more or less of a booby; and the rebellion of '15 was soon put down, the "king" returning "over the water."

The rising of '45, in favour of his son Prince Charles Edward, the Young Chevalier, the Young Pretender, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," etc., was rather more formidable. The new "monarch" entered Edinburgh, defeated a royal army at Prestonpans and marched south to Derby; but there the life went out of the rising, for English people were quite content with their king. The Jacobites retreated, a fierce battle was fought at Culloden, and Prince Charles Edward became a fugitive, finally escaping to France. This was the last effort of the Stuarts.

## WILLIAM PITT, THE ELDER

FOUR years after Blenheim William Pitt was born, and he lived to become one of the greatest Englishmen of the eighteenth century and one of the foremost of all time. During his lifetime our kings were the first three Georges; but you may have noticed that we have now given up arranging our history with the king as the centre of the story, for the history of a free modern country is the history of the whole nation under the leadership of the greatest men that the nation can produce; and, as a rule, in the case of England these men are to be found, at least during the first part of their career, in the House of Commons.

Pitt entered the House at the age of twenty-six. He was then an officer in the army, and soon became known as the "terrible young cornet of horse," for he had a habit of speaking his mind very plainly and of getting his own way. Among the other members he was charged with "the crime of being a young man"; but he held his own among more experienced men, for he was filled with a keen desire to serve his country without seeking his own personal gain. It was this which gave him his great power over the nation. Men felt that when Pitt was angry and spoke his mind he was speaking and acting for

the good of all, and his anger could be very terrible ; and they turned to him at last in the hour of defeat and disgrace as the captain who was best fitted to weather the storm and bring the ship of state into a safe harbour.

What was the situation at the time ? We must glance for a moment at affairs in Europe, in India, and in North America if we are to understand a few of the great difficulties with which Pitt was faced as the new head of the British government, difficulties, however, which did not dismay him. " I am sure," he said, " that I can save this country and nobody else can."

The whole of western Europe was in a state of war, and the situation there can best be summed up by saying that we were fighting on the side of Frederick the Great of Prussia against the rest of the Continent, but chiefly against France, our " ancient enemy." We began badly on land and sea, and the British people were particularly angry when Admiral Byng refused to finish a fight with the French fleet off Minorca. So angry were they that the admiral was tried by court-martial for incompetence and shot on his own quarter-deck, as a witty Frenchman mockingly said, " to encourage the others." Pitt himself had pleaded with King George in favour of Byng, but all in vain.

Pitt now set to work to raise an army for service in Germany, and he tried to make it a national army, filled with the spirit of loyalty to the nation. He



found the people of Scotland half-hearted in their union with England, and by encouraging the formation of two new regiments out of the brave Highland clans he enlisted the sympathy and support of the

whole northern nation. At the Battle of Minden in 1759, the British foot-soldiers covered themselves with glory. They found themselves facing the French cavalry, and mistaking the order of their leader marched steadily upon them, taking no notice of the guns on their flank, and checking one spirited charge after another with volleys of musketry. "I have seen," said the French general after his defeat, "what I never thought to be possible—a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry, ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin." It was only the humanity of the leader of the British horse that prevented the French defeat from becoming a massacre.

Meanwhile, the French fleet was gathering at Brest, where an army of 18,000 men was collected to invade England. Then up came Admiral Hawke with the British fleet, and though the waves were rolling high and the coast in that part was rocky and dangerous, the French men-of-war were at once engaged and the hostile fleet completely shattered. Thus the British navy wiped out the disgrace of Admiral Byng's indecision.

"In Germany," Pitt had declared, "I will win America,"—meaning that he would cripple the power of France in Europe and so weaken that country for the defence of her colonies across the Atlantic.



WILLIAM PITT, AFTERWARDS EARL OF CHATHAM

In North America our troops had been beaten by the French just before Pitt came into power, but it was not long before the credit of the British name was fully restored in that quarter of the world. He asked the colonists to help the royal troops and sailors he was sending over, and they answered nobly to his call, one of the keenest among their officers being a young Virginian gentleman named George Washington, of whom we shall hear further in due course. By land and sea the French were attacked and with success all along the line, Washington capturing a French fort, where the town of Pittsburg afterwards arose, named in honour of the great minister whose courage seemed to inspire all who fought for him.

Pitt had now made up his mind that the British must be masters of North America, and he sent General Wolfe to "take Quebec." Lying with his men in the St. Lawrence, under the shadow of the strong fortress, Wolfe for a time seemed to be completely foiled. But with a supreme effort he led his troops up the steep cliff, fought Montcalm on the heights above, and won the "happy warrior's" death by falling in the moment of victory. He had "taken Quebec," but not that city only. In a short time the whole of the French possessions in Canada were in the hands of Britain. Wolfe's victory was



won in the same year as those at Minden and Quiberon Bay. "We are forced to ask every morning," wrote a witty English gentleman, "what victory there has been, for fear of missing one." But the victorious story of that wonderful time has even yet not been completely told.

On the plains of Germany the brave British soldiers were fighting the battle not only of America but also of India ; for at this time the French were our great rivals in that country as well. An East India Company had been formed in London during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in time set up trading stations at the places now known as Madras and Calcutta. At each of these stations there was a fort guarded by a few native soldiers, warehouses with

packers and offices with clerks ; and trade was carried on from these settlements with the people of the surrounding country.

Meanwhile the French had also set up similar stations in India, and were naturally very anxious to clear the British out of the country and keep all the trade for themselves. When war broke out between France and Britain in Europe there was fighting between the troops of these two countries in India also ; and one day the French marched against the British at Madras, burnt their warehouses, and carried away the merchants and their clerks as prisoners.

Among these clerks was a young man named Robert Clive, who managed to escape from the French, and became an officer in the East India Company's army. He was much happier handling a sword than a pen, for he was one of the most daring Englishmen of his time, as we shall see.

In order to gain influence in India, the French took part in the quarrels of the native princes, and Clive thought that he also would like to have a share in this exciting game. With a few hundred British and natives he took a town named Arcot, and held its fort for fifty days against a great host of natives who were on the side of the French. When his friends had relieved him he won two victories over

the French and their allies, and showed that the British were now to be reckoned with in India. This happened about six years before Pitt took charge of affairs at home.

Meanwhile Clive came to England for the good of his health, but when the war with France broke out again he went back to Madras. He had only been a short time in that place when he received news of



a horrible crime which had been committed by Suraj-ud-Dowlah, the Prince of Bengal. This ruler had marched against Calcutta, seized the British merchants and their clerks, and shut up about a hundred and fifty of them in a small cell, known in history as the Black Hole of Calcutta. Next morning only twenty-six of these people were found to be alive.

Clive at once set out by sea for Calcutta, fought the Indian prince on the field of Plassey, and utterly defeated his huge army. After this the British were first in the rich province of Bengal, and they went on from victory to victory, until other great provinces of India were under their control.

So Pitt saved his country, for we must not forget that he was at the back of all this fighting. The latter part of his career has to do with another famous story, which requires a chapter for itself.

## THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE day on which General Wolfe won the Battle of Quebec may be truthfully said to be the birthday of two nations. One of these was the British nation of Canada, the other was the English-speaking nation now known as the United States.

Look at a map of North America and see where these two countries lie; but do not forget that in Wolfe's time and for a long time afterwards British America lay for the most part along or near the Atlantic coast, the Great Lakes, and the St. Lawrence River. The rest of the wide continent was for the most part an unknown country to the white man.

Leaving Canada alone for the present, let us follow the fortunes of the states lying to the south of the Great Lakes.

There were now thirteen of these states along the Atlantic seaboard, and since the time of the Pilgrim Fathers they had been steadily gaining in population and wealth. They grew and traded in tobacco, maize, rice, indigo, and corn, and also engaged in the export of timber and in fishing for cod and whale in the North Atlantic. Now that the French had been driven from the valley of the Mississippi, they were free to advance towards the west as they had long wished to do.

Each state had a Governor, either elected or sent over from the Mother Country, and a kind of council or State Parliament elected by the people themselves. The people of the Mother Country knew very little of what was going on in these colonies : they certainly did not understand that a new nation had arisen on the other side of the Atlantic, a new Britain, which loved freedom as passionately as the old. But they learnt all about this within thirty years of Wolfe's great victory.

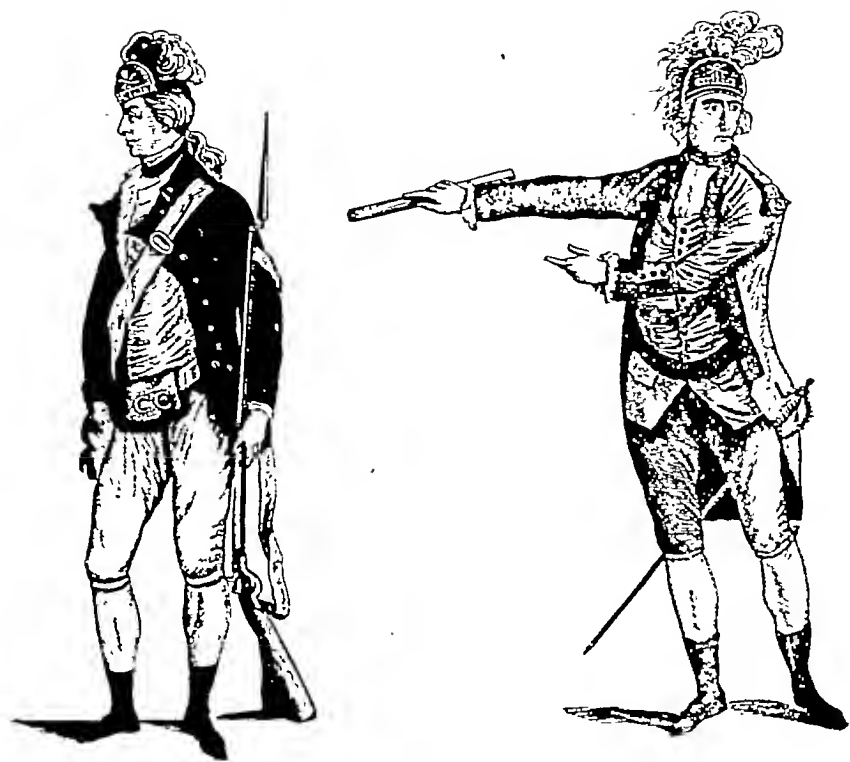
Now you have read the chapters of this book very carelessly if you have not gained a clear idea of the fact that British people always prefer to tax themselves through their Parliament. They are a

generous people, quite ready to make free gifts when their country needs them, but they object to paying a tax unless it has been regularly agreed to by the members of their great council. And the Britons who went across the Atlantic to America took this rooted idea with them. Consequently, when the government of the Mother Country wished to tax the American colonist the latter said, "No! We do not send members to your Parliament, and therefore you must not tax us. If necessary, we will tax ourselves."

The Mother Country was very sore about this, for some of the money required was to pay the cost of defending America against the French. But it was of little use being hurt and sore-headed over a principle. One great Englishman at least, namely, William Pitt, who was now Earl of Chatham, saw that the best of the Americans were only holding out for the idea in defence of which Britons of past times had been ready to lay down their lives.

"In my opinion," he said in Parliament, "this kingdom has no right to lay a tax on the colonies. America is obstinate? America is almost in open rebellion? Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted."

The resistance went on, and the quarrel grew more bitter on both sides. In the month of December of 1773, some English ships laden with tea upon which



AMERICAN SOLDIER AND OFFICER.

a duty had been laid entered the harbour of Boston. The colonials had made up their minds not to use the taxed tea, and a Boston mob disguised as Indians boarded the ships and flung the tea into the water. This was the famous "Boston tea-party," after which the home government took steps to force the colonies into "obedience," with the immediate result that war began.

We shall not attempt to follow the movements of troops and warships in the struggle that followed, in which both sides fought with the bravery that was to be expected of them. We shall concern ourselves rather with three things, namely, the beginning of the American nation, the rise of a great American, and the death of a great Englishman.

It was very early in the struggle that the Americans made up their minds to sever themselves from the Old Country. About two and a half years after the "Boston tea-party" their chief men met together and drew up what is known in history as "*The Declaration of American Independence.*" It was a long document, from which I can only give a few words, but they are very solemn and important:

"We, the representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and Independent States."

Although war was now actually begun, Pitt still persisted in his opinion that the quarrel ought to have been and might yet be patched up by wise measures on the part of the rulers in the Old Country. "You may ravage," he said in the House, after his

recovery from a severe illness, "but you cannot conquer. It is impossible.' I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch." And on another occasion he said, "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms—NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!!"

He seems to have set aside in his mind even the solemn Declaration of Independence. The two countries, in his view, ought to be united and remain part of one "ancient monarchy." And when it was proposed in the home Parliament to give up America, he went down to the House of Lords, although he was very ill, and made a speech of protest against the separation of the two countries. He was about to speak again when he fell down in a swoon, and was carried from the chamber to the bed from which he never rose again.

We have already seen that in the fighting with the French in North America a Virginian gentleman named George Washington played a prominent part. When the war broke out with the Mother Country Washington was made commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. The title sounds imposing enough, but the new general soon found that he had undertaken a task which would have disheartened any but a very great man who was strongly convinced

of the justice of his cause, and certain that it was bound to prevail in the end.

His army had no powder and very few muskets. The soldiers not only lacked uniforms, but even the clothing necessary for protecting their bodies from the weather. The men were mostly farmers who enlisted for a short time, and grumbled loudly if their military duties prevented them from returning home when the crops needed their attention. These were only a few of the difficulties with which Washington had to contend, and it says a great deal for his qualities as a leader that the men under his command won any victories at all. Yet by patient unflagging work, by unbroken courage and continual daring, Washington kept up the spirit of the colonists and at last led them to victory. His crossing of the Delaware River on Christmas Day is often described as affording an example of the spirit of his men and the daring of their leader.

The British troops were waiting for the ice to form on the river in order to cross. Washington, who was on the other side, made up his mind to be the first to "cross the Delaware" in spite of all obstacles. On the night of Christmas Day he made the passage of the river in a storm of snow mingled with hail and rain. At eight o'clock next morning he surprised the enemy's camp, captured a thousand

German soldiers of King George III. with six guns and other arms. Then he recrossed the river, having lost in this enterprise only four men, of whom two were killed and two were frozen to death.

Before the war was ended the Americans gained the assistance of the French, and the end came at Yorktown, a seaport on the coast of Virginia. Here the British, under Cornwallis, were caught between Washington on land and the French at sea, and the general was forced to surrender. The war dragged on for some eighteen months after this, and peace was then made on the understanding that the United States of America was to be free and independent.

So a new nation was born, in which the English language was to be the speech of the people, and the old British love of liberty was to be upheld. Washington became the first President of the United States, and helped to direct the tottering steps of the infant country and to teach it to walk alone.

## THE YOUNGER PITT

IN that wonderful year when Wolfe obeyed Pitt's orders to "take Quebec" a son was born to the great English statesman, who is known in history as William Pitt the Younger; and whose fame is as great as that of his father.

The elder Pitt steadily set himself to prepare his son for taking a high place in the government of the nation. He was trained to become a Member of Parliament and a Minister of the Crown. He was only twenty-two when he entered the House of Commons, and when he made his first speech a famous man said of him, "He is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself." At the very early age of twenty-five he was the king's chief minister and began his wonderful career as a statesman.

What did he do? He carried his country through a time of storm and stress such as she had never seen in all her varied history; for during his career of about eighteen years Europe was sadly troubled by the wars which began after the great upheaval in France known as the French Revolution; and the constant enemy of this country was Napoleon Bonaparte. In these great wars our principal work was to fight upon the sea and to keep open the trade routes for our merchant ships; and the man who

became the chief agent of our success in this task was Horatio Nelson, "the greatest sailor since the world began." It was, indeed, an age of wonderful men—Pitt, Napoleon, Nelson.

For a long time France had been governed by kings who had little regard for the nation, except as a means of providing men and money for their selfish wars ; and in the year 1789 the people of Paris rose against their king, Louis XVI., and set up a form of government by which an attempt was made to help the nation to govern itself. But this happy state of affairs cannot be brought about in a few months, as our own history shows quite clearly ; and though the French people put their king and queen to death they soon found a new master in one of the officers of their army—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Among all the wonderful stories of history the story of the rise of Napoleon Bonaparte is perhaps the most wonderful. He was like many other prominent men, "born poor and brought up poor," his father being a mere captain of artillery in the French army stationed in Corsica. But he was also born a soldier and a leader of men, and it was not long before he distinguished himself as an officer in the French army. When the French people had got rid of their royal family they went to war with one European nation after another ; and it was in these wars that Napoleon

soon proved himself the most able man among the French leaders, and showed that he was determined to advance himself at any cost.

When the French people struck their first great blow for freedom, there were many in England who rejoiced at their action, and William Pitt was among them. It was hoped that France would now imitate England and begin to govern itself; and there were many people in France who hoped to gain the help of the English in their struggle for freedom. But as time went on and the "friends of freedom" lost their heads and began to kill off all the French nobles as well as to fall out among themselves, the quiet English people began to turn against them; and Pitt was told that we ought to go to war with France.

At first Pitt fought hard for peace. The French people, he said, might be safely left to settle their affairs in their own way. But when the French king was put to death even Pitt's great power could not stop the war which then began, and which lasted for about twenty-two years, until Napoleon was finally conquered on the field of Waterloo.

In the first part of this great war we fought with two weapons—our gold and our ships. Britain had become very rich by means of her trade overseas, and in the wars on the Continent against Napoleon

she provided large sums of money for the use of those nations which fought against the French. Thus she made up for the smallness of her army by becoming what one writer has called "the paymaster of Europe." But her part in the actual fighting was on the sea, for her navy was twice as large as that of France; and it was during this long war that she won the proud title of "mistress of the seas."

We are, therefore, not directly concerned with the great land campaigns of Napoleon—those wonderful marches and tremendous victories and defeats, the story of which you must read some day. But we are directly concerned with Napoleon's plan for invading England, and with the way in which it was foiled by our navy.

Napoleon saw that he must obtain command of a larger fleet if he was to be a match for Britain. So he forced Holland to join him, and afterwards induced Spain also to come to his help. The ships of these three nations outnumbered our own, and the French general felt that he could now deal with his enemy across the Channel. But the ships were in their harbours, and the British admirals disposed their fleets to keep them there, or at least to prevent them from joining with each other, for they had no objection to a fight if any single fleet would come out for that purpose. If one or more of these

imprisoned fleets got right away and joined another Britain might lose command of the Channel, and there would be no means of preventing Napoleon's soldiers from landing in Kent or Sussex.

One day in October of the year 1797 the Dutch admiral put out into the North Sea with sixteen ships, hoping to find his way clear for joining the French. But he found Admiral Duncan waiting for him, and a fierce battle took place off Camperdown, in which the Dutch were utterly beaten. The news came first to our east coast ports—there was no telegraph in those days—and it reached Sunderland on a Sunday when most of the people were at their prayers.

At one church the worshippers had just reached a pause in the service when the door was pushed rudely open and a man's voice bawled out, "Admiral Duncan has defeated the Dutch at Camperdown!—Eleven prizes!" Of course every one wanted to cheer, but such a thing could not be done. So the organist played "Rule, Britannia," while the people remained standing. After that the prayers were resumed. The news was carried to Pitt at Walmer Castle by a sailor, who was freely rewarded before the king's minister found that he had bestowed a generous gift on one of the most daring smugglers on the south-east coast.

Meanwhile another great naval victory had been



THE SPANISH ADMIRAL SURRENDERING TO NELSON AT CAPE ST. VINCENT.

*From a picture by D. Orme in 1800.*

won over the Spanish fleet, which had put out from Cadiz in the hope of joining the French. The British leader was Admiral Jervis and Nelson fought under him. This Battle of St. Vincent is one of the most notable engagements in our naval history, for we fought with only fourteen ships against twenty-seven of the enemy. Nelson was in the *Captain*, and his ship took such a foremost part in the fighting that it became little more than a wreck.

But he laid his vessel alongside the great *San Nicholas* and called for boarders. "Up came Captain Miller, sword in hand, at the head of the boarding-party, but Nelson gently pushed him back, 'No, Miller,' he said, 'I must have that honour.' Then he broke the stern windows of the *Nicholas* and climbed into her after-cabin.

"The Spaniards saw him coming and slammed the door to imprison him. This gave the Britons time to rally. The Spaniards fired among them, but Nelson splintered the door to fragments and hurried out on deck. Meanwhile a second band of boarders had climbed into the Spaniard's rigging, and while Nelson scattered the Spaniards below they hauled down the colours above."<sup>1</sup>

The rest of this great story of struggle for sea power must be kept for another chapter. We must not

<sup>1</sup> *Sea-kings of Britain*, by G. A. R. Callender.

forget, however, that behind all the brave fighting stood Pitt, the great minister, playing the part which his father had played a generation before and guiding the "Ship of State" through stormy waters to a peaceful haven.

## NELSON OF THE NILE

THE victories of St. Vincent and Camperdown dispelled for a time the fear of a French invasion, for the union of the three fleets was now impossible. But Napoleon still meant to land his troops in England, if he could; and the rest of Nelson's life was chiefly spent in making this invasion impossible. Whenever we read of a British victory at this time, we must remember that it meant one more blow at the French leader's great ambition, which was to humble the nation that had so often barred his path.

In the year following the victory of St. Vincent, Nelson was in command in the Mediterranean. Finding a French squadron lying near the mouth of the Nile he determined to destroy it. The ships lay in shallow water close to the land, and Nelson sent half of his ships between them and the shore, keeping the other half in the open water. Then the attack



THE FORTRESS OF VALETTA, MALTA.

began as the sun was setting, and in a few hours eleven of the thirteen French ships were sunk or taken. During the action the French flagship, the *Orient*, took fire, and the British took grim care that the fire was not put out.

The fire raged furiously and spread downward through the great wooden vessel, deck by deck, while all the time the brave French sailors stood to their guns. At last the flames reached the powder magazine, and the ship blew up with a roar, which hushed for a moment the noise of the battle.

The event is well described in the book from which

I have already quoted : " The dreadful blackness of night for the time was gone, swallowed up in the radiance of the blood-red light. Men looked with wonder in each other's faces ; saw around them the havoc that the night had wrought, saw the decks with the dark stains upon them, saw ship beyond ship upon the battlefield, saw the land in the distance and the watching Arab throngs, and saw far off the wreckage dance on the heaving bosom of the bay. For minutes, as it seemed, all was visible . . . then all was still, save where the ruddy spars fell to be quenched like torches, or a shower of sparks dropped hissing in the glassy surface of the sea."

For a while the battle was hushed. Nelson, who had been badly wounded, scrambled up from below deck to give instant orders for the boats to be lowered to rescue the survivors, of whom seventy were saved. In the early dawn of the next morning the fight was finished, for even the British power of endurance was ended, and the gunners were dropping asleep beside their guns. This victory cleared the French from the Mediterranean and prevented Napoleon from making himself master of India, as he had hoped to do. He was at this time, however, able to make himself complete master of France, and went on from triumph to triumph in his land campaigns.

He now tried to shut out our trading ships from the Baltic, and a British fleet was sent to Copenhagen to force the Danes to allow our ships to pass. Nelson was second in command under Admiral Parker, and the two commanders were soon at variance as to the plan to be followed, and valuable time was lost. "The boldest methods are the best," said Nelson; "the more difficulties the more necessary to try to remove them." And he offered to bombard Copenhagen with half the British fleet. Parker took him at his word.

The fight which followed was fierce and furious, and it seemed as if Nelson for once had been too rash. Parker watched and waited, and at length, losing heart, threw out the signal for the action to cease. Let us take the rest of the famous story from an account written by one who was present :

"Lord Nelson was at this time walking the quarter-deck. A shot through the main-mast knocked a few splinters about us. He observed to me with a smile, 'It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at any moment,' and then stopping short he said with emotion, 'but, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands.'

"When Parker's signal was made it was reported to him. He continued his walk and did not appear to take notice of it. The signal officer asked whether

he should repeat it. Lord Nelson answered, 'No, acknowledge it! . . . Is my own signal still hoisted?' This was his favourite signal for closer action. The officer said that it was, and Nelson said, 'Mind you keep it so!'

"He now walked up and down the deck, moving the stump of his right arm. After a turn or two he said to me in a quick manner. 'Do you know what's shown on board of the Commander-in-Chief?—Why, to leave off action! Now, hang me, if I do.' He also said to Captain Foley, 'You know, Foley, I have only one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes.' And then putting the glass to his blind eye he said, 'I really do not see the signal.'"

The battle went on, though some of the British ships obeyed Parker's signal. Nelson forced his way among the Danish fleet, the whole of which he sunk or captured. Then he turned upon the shore batteries and put them to silence; and when he threatened to bombard the city the Danes gave in and the way was cleared for any British merchant ships that might wish to enter the Baltic. Once more Napoleon was foiled by our navy.

But that vision of the French invasion of England still haunted him, and after a while he made another attempt. There was a short pause in the fighting, during which Pitt gave up his post as First Minister

and peace was made. But in a very short time the struggle began again, and the British nation demanded the recall of Pitt, feeling that under this leader our final victory was assured.

Napoleon now sent a large army of his best troops, tried and seasoned men, to that part of the French coast nearest to England, and fixed his own headquarters at Boulogne, from whence on a clear day he could see the white cliffs of Folkestone and Dover. "The Channel is only a ditch," he said, "and any one can cross it who has the courage to try." If he had only twenty-four hours—with the British Fleet out of the way—he could, he felt sure, effect a crossing with his huge fleet of flat-bottomed boats which were waiting along the shore. Meanwhile his men practised embarking and disembarking, and became very quick at the work. When the word was given they would be quite ready.

The menace was very real, though the threats of the French leader may seem very amusing to us now; and the people of Britain prepared themselves for the landing. More than half a million men were under arms, and though most of these were ill-trained they were ready to do their best. In a few months more than one hundred and fifty ships were added to the navy, and fleets were sent out to block up all the French ports as they had done before. From this

dangerous situation the country was at last saved by Lord Nelson ; but the story of the crowning work of his life is worthy of a separate chapter.

## THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

WHY does the British sailor always wear a black silk tie ? He wears it in memory of Lord Nelson, who died at the Battle of Trafalgar.

The British navy won many splendid victories in the struggle with Napoleon, but it has always been recognised that the victory of Trafalgar was the greatest of all. The story of such a sea-fight, as well as of the events that went before it and the effects that followed it, must therefore be one of the most important records in our history.

When war with France broke out again in 1803 Nelson was living the life of an English country gentleman on his estate at Merton, which lies on the road from London to Portsmouth, and enjoying the quiet life very keenly. But when he was appointed to the command in the Mediterranean he was in such a hurry to get to work that he went off in a frigate and left his flagship, the famous *Victory*, to follow him as soon as it was ready.

His work was to watch Toulon, and if possible to lure out the French fleet lying in that great port and destroy it. He did not wish simply to keep the fleet locked up, for that would be of little use. He claimed, indeed, in one of his letters that he never "blockaded" a fleet in this manner. He waited ready to strike when the enemy came out, as come it must sooner or later, and while waiting he did all he could to keep up the spirits of his men, who were, like himself, terribly eager to fight. He also gave the French fleet many opportunities to come out, and at times withdrew his fleet altogether to entice it to leave its harbour. In the beginning of 1805 it did come out, and Nelson, who was in Sardinia, went in search of it only to find it, at last, snugly at home again in Toulon.

Napoleon had now made Spain his ally, and her fleets was ready to join his own to help in the great plan of invading England. In order to unite them he arranged that the various squadrons should slip out from the French and Spanish ports, sail across the Atlantic, and meet together in the West Indies. The British fleets would go in search and would be dispersed all over the world. While they were away the path would be clear for the return of the combined fleets and the invasion of England.

At the end of March 1805, while Nelson was again

in Sardinia watering his ships, the French slipped out of Toulon and made for the open Atlantic, after calling at Cadiz to take up the Spanish ships. In six weeks the combined fleet was in harbour in the West Indies waiting for the rest of Napoleon's ships. On 4th June a fleet arrived in those seas from Europe, but it was neither French nor Spanish. It was the fleet of Admiral Lord Nelson, which had crossed the Atlantic in three and a half weeks.

The French admiral, Villeneuve, at once set out on the return journey with Nelson in close pursuit, and without waiting for that great meeting of the fleets that Napoleon had planned. Off the Spanish coast, Villeneuve had a brush with a British squadron which decided nothing, but gave Nelson time to arrive at Gibraltar and to make plans for preventing the French from reaching the safety of Toulon. But they did not come to meet him as he had hoped, and he sailed back to England feeling that all his hard work had been of no avail. He did not see that by keeping the enemy's squadrons in a state of continual movement he had helped those who were planning at home to draw off Napoleon's forces from the coasts facing England. At the end of August the men who were waiting to march on London were given the signal to march to eastern Europe!

Britain now set herself with grim determination

to the task of destroying the allied fleets of France and Spain, and Nelson left Portsmouth near the end of September as Commander-in-Chief. The enemy's ships were now in Cadiz, and Nelson was determined that if they would not come out to fight he would, like Drake of the old days, enter the harbour in spite of its shore guns and push them out. As it happened, Napoleon also wished them to come out and enter the Mediterranean, and Villeneuve was forced to venture. So, on 19th October the vanguard of his fleet of thirty-three ships put out to sea. On Monday the 21st the two fleets were ready for the great encounter.

I have no space here to give a detailed story of the famous battle. - Perhaps I have given too much space to the tale of what went before it, but I have always felt that those who tell the story of our navy in those brave old days make too little of the good work done during the weary months before the fight was joined, to the immense glee of the British tars. And the story of Nelson's visit to his native land before Trafalgar, when he was discouraged, cast down, and appeared, to himself at least, to be beaten, has really more encouragement in it than the tale of the famous victory which destroyed the allied fleet, made Britain the ruler of the waves, and freed her people from the fear of a French invasion.



THE KING OF BROBDINGNAG (KING GEORGE III.) AND GULLIVER (NAPOLEON).

*A satire on Napoleon's threats of invasion.*

But certain points in the accounts of the Trafalgar fight must not be passed by.

In the first place, the battle was not easily won. The allied fleets were well manned, and Villeneuve was a splendid sailor, who, when he saw the British fleet coming on to the attack, disposed his fleet in such a clever manner that even Nelson was deceived and thought that the enemy was about to run away. And each stage in the fight was sternly contested, for the French captains were the bravest of the brave.

Nelson's signal is known to us all, "England expects that every man will do his duty." But we ought also to remember that of the French admiral which rings just as true. "Any captain who is not under fire is out of his station." And one of the French captains wrote to his relatives, "If you hear that my ship has been taken, then you will know that I am dead."

It is no true patriotism on our part to represent Trafalgar as an easily-won victory.

In the second place, Nelson took great risks in this battle, and if he had been defeated would doubtless have called down upon himself the anger of every naval captain who ever studied strategy or sailed a ship. But though he dared greatly he himself led the way as he always did throughout

his career. The *Victory* was in the van of the fight, and when the *Temeraire* pressed too closely upon it her captain was sternly ordered to keep astern. Nelson's daring fired the spirit of his men, and his management of his ships made new rules in naval matters.

In the third place, if Nelson had survived this great fight he would have been the first to give credit to the bravery and skill of Collingwood, his second in command. "See," he cried from the deck of the *Victory*, at the beginning of the contest, "how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action." The coolness of the "noble fellow" both before and during the battle is one of the best traditions of the navy. His ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, engaged four of the enemy at a time, and when he forced the great *Santa Ana* to yield, the Spanish admiral gave her the new name of the *Royal Devil*.

The saddest event in the fight is thus described by the surgeon of the *Victory*, who, of course, saw what actually happened.

"Lord Nelson was walking the quarter-deck with Captain Hardy, and was in the act of turning near the hatchway with his face towards the stern of the *Victory* when the fatal ball was fired from the *Redoubtable's* mizentop. The ball struck the

epaulette on his left shoulder and penetrated his chest. He fell with his face on the deck.

"Captain Hardy expressed a hope that he was not severely wounded, to which the gallant Chief replied, 'They have done for me at last, Hardy.'

" 'I hope not,' answered Captain Hardy.

" 'Yes,' replied his lordship, 'my backbone is shot through.' "

He died with the words "Thank God, I have done my duty" upon his lips, but not before twenty of the enemy's ships had become British prizes, and all but four of the remainder had been sunk or shattered beyond recognition.

Trafalgar cleared the seas of French and Spanish war-vessels. "Wherever there is water to float a ship," Napoleon said later, "we are sure to find you English in the way." The saying shows how completely our country was carrying on its work of building up its empire overseas, for without command of the ocean the British Empire had never existed; and this is the chief reason, though not the only one, why the British look upon this naval victory as the greatest in its history, and honour the name of the victor more than that of any other of our great sea-captains.

## THE EMPIRE AT TRAFALGAR

WHEN Nelson cleared the seas of the hostile French and Spanish fleets, and died in the achievement, he made it possible for us to go on our way in extending our empire ; so that Trafalgar Day, as I have already insisted, is a very important date in the history of the British Dominions beyond the seas.

Trafalgar was fought in the year 1805, and we might pause here to get some general idea of the extent of the British Empire at this time.

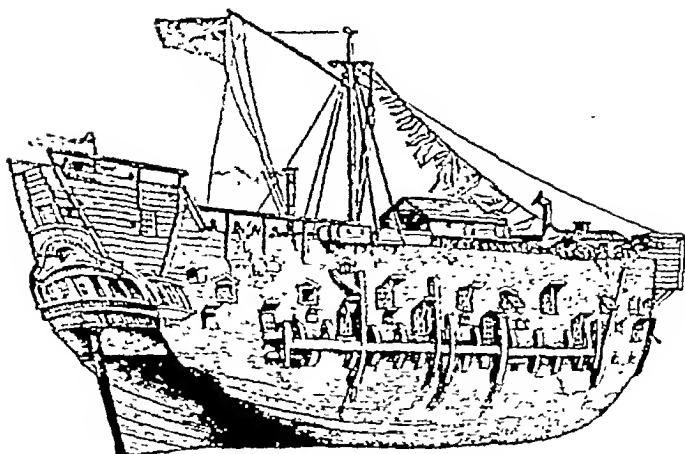
As we have seen, we had recently lost our American colonies, which had united to form a new country to be known as the United States. There were many people at that time who were greatly cast down at this loss. We know what the elder Pitt thought of it, and his son is said to have exclaimed that "the sun of England's glory had set" when Parliament decided to recognise the new country as a separate state. Even to-day there are people who think that the separation ought never to have taken place.

But most people have come to look upon the matter in another way, and the common use of the phrase "our American cousins" shows how we now regard the United States ; while the use in that country of our English speech prevents us from ever regarding an American as a foreigner. But the close

island of Tahiti in the Pacific did the work which he had been sent out to do. Then he set out for home, but on the way spent six months on the coast of New Zealand, which was then unknown to Britain. He sailed round this new land, examined it, charted it, and made the acquaintance of the Maoris in a manner which is well described in his *Voyages*.

Then he went on his way again and came to another new land, namely, Australia, or the Great Land of the South. He surveyed the whole of the east coast of this new continent, and gave to that part of it on which he first landed the name of New South Wales, from a fancied resemblance to the shores of the Bristol Channel. This voyage occupied him for three years, and he returned home a famous explorer and empire-builder, the praise of whose peaceful victory was in the mouths of all men.

Cook was not allowed to rest on his laurels, nor did he wish to do so. The people of his time believed in the existence of a "great southern continent" about the South Pole, and he now set out in the *Resolution* to make explorations in those parts. He penetrated far enough into the South Polar ice to satisfy himself that there was no "great southern continent" which could be of service to man. He also discovered several islands in the Pacific, and having made his record returned home and was

MODEL OF *THE RESOLUTION*.

promoted to the rank of captain in the Royal Navy. He made further discoveries before he met his death at the hands of the natives of one of the Pacific islands, but our chief interest in his work lies in the fact that he hoisted the flag in New Zealand and Australia.

It was a long time before trading-ships began to pass between Britain and these new lands in the southern seas. At first, though the British people were proud enough of the skill and enterprise of the great explorer, they showed no impatient desire to find out the possibilities of the new lands; indeed the only use they could think of for Australia was to make it a settlement for convicts, and for a long time men of this class were shipped off to Botany Bay.

But the settlement and opening out of these new lands was to come later, and when we hear of their wonderful advance we must doff the hat to Captain James Cook, whose monument was recently erected in London at the end of the processional way which leads to the palace of the king.

About four months after the Battle of Trafalgar the British also established themselves in South Africa, which had been for a long time in the hands of the Dutch, who had carried on a considerable trade and had used Cape Town as a calling place for their merchant ships trading with the spice islands of the East Indies. A British force was sent to "the Cape," as it was called, under Sir David Baird, to whom Cape Castle was forced to surrender. But it was not until Napoleon had been finally beaten at Waterloo that the British began to send out settlers to the Cape.

The distance of all these new settlements from the Mother Country shows how important it is that the British should be able to keep command of the sea. Small in size and unable to provide for her own people, Britain must look to other lands for supplies of many of the necessities of life. If she were to lose command of the sea her national life would be over. This was felt to be true at the time of Nelson when the population of the British Isles was only

twelve millions. It is much more true to-day when our population is more than forty millions.

These things help us to understand the real meaning of the victory at Trafalgar and its place in the history of our Empire.

## THE GREAT WORKSHOP

REMEMBER the names of these five men—Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright, and Watt. They are as worthy of remembrance as the greatest kings, statesmen, soldiers, and sailors of our history; for they made it possible by their clever inventions for Britain to become, what she has been aptly called, “the workshop of the world.” Let us see what these men actually did.

James Hargreaves was a spinner and weaver who lived in a village near Blackburn in Lancashire, and did his work in his own cottage, like the other weavers of the time. He used the old-fashioned wheel for spinning cotton thread, and one day, it is said, some one knocked it over. The wheel still went on revolving, although it was now lying flat; and this gave him the idea of making a machine which would spin eight threads instead of one.

Whether this was the real origin of the machine which came to be known as the "spinning-jenny" I cannot say with certainty. But Hargreaves made the machine and started it in his own home, where his children worked it with ease.

The inventor had a large family to keep, and after a time he made and sold one of his new machines. The spinners on the old-fashioned wheels became alarmed, for if the "jenny" could make eight threads in place of one, then seven workers would lose their means of living; so a party of spinners walked down from Blackburn, set Hargreaves' home on fire, and destroyed both his jenny and his loom.

This did not discourage the inventor, who went away to Nottingham and set up a small cotton-mill in which the spinning-jenny went merrily on. Meanwhile the men of Lancashire were also beginning to use the machine, and turning out larger quantities of cotton to clothe our own people and to send across the seas in exchange for food. So that over-turned spinning-wheel and British command of the sea had a great deal to do with each other.

Richard Arkwright was a native of Preston, who made his living as a barber. He was, however, an enterprising barber, who also made wigs of the best quality and found out ways of making them better than ever. Then the wig went out of fashion, and



RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

he turned his busy mind and clever hands to the making of machinery along with a clock-maker of the name of Kay. Hargreaves had made his spinning-jenny, but it was not perfect, and there were further problems connected with spinning which Arkwright now began to investigate.

One day the two men went to Preston and set up

a machine in the parlour of a certain house the window of which was hidden by the trees in the garden. It was soon told to the neighbours that there were strange things happening in that secluded parlour, and two old women solemnly declared that they had heard noises of a humming nature coming from the room. The devil, they said, was tuning his bagpipes, and Arkwright and Kay were dancing a reel to the music. It is not easy to see why the devil was supposed to be a Highlander.

In time the "bagpipes" made their appearance, and were found to be none other than the spinning-frame which caused a revolution in the cotton and woollen trades, and has never been superseded, although it has been again and again improved. In a pretty valley at Cromford in Derbyshire the inventor set up a mill worked by the water of a stream which ran in such a sheltered hollow that it scarcely ever froze in winter. The machine came to be known as the water-frame, but later it was driven by means of steam.

The inventor did not succeed all at once. He had to face opposition and even persecution, and one of his mills at Chorley was destroyed by an angry mob. But he was not daunted, and lived to see the full success of his work. He was a man of restless energy, who usually worked steadily from five o'clock in

the morning to nine in the evening, and whose anger was most easily aroused when bad or careless work was done by any of those whom he employed.

Samuel Crompton was the son of a small farmer who lived near Bolton, and who, like many farmers of the time, kept a wheel and loom and sent both yarn and cloth to the Bolton market. When his father died he had to work very hard at spinning and weaving to keep the family, although he was only a boy. His mother had bought a "jenny," but Crompton found it very imperfect and began to make experiments with the object of producing a better spinning-machine. He also made a fiddle, the playing of which served as his only recreation, and he fiddled so well that he turned his pastime into profit—for he was still very poor—by becoming a fiddler in a Bolton theatre.

When he got home late at night, he went on with his experiments and worked long past midnight. So his house gained the reputation of being haunted. For five years he worked steadily at his new machine and at last made it so delicate that it would produce the fine thread used for weaving into muslin which, up to that time, had been made in India. The new machine was called the mule, and in the making of it the inventor had made good use of the discoveries of both Hargreaves and Arkwright.

The inventor seems to have been unable to take care of his own interests and parted with the secret of his machine for a paltry sum subscribed by a number of manufacturers. He afterwards invented another machine, but ill-fortune seemed always to pursue him, partly through his own fault. He was so very modest and retiring that he often stood in his own light, and he died a poor man. But his invention had, among other things, created a new British industry, that of the making of muslin and other delicate fabrics.

So much for the spinning-machine. Spinning factories were now being built in many parts of the north of England as well as in Scotland, but the weaving was still done in the cottages and on the small farms. But it was not long before a machine was invented which did for weaving what the jenny, the frame, and the mule had done for spinning. About the time of Trafalgar a clergyman in Kent produced a loom which could be worked by machinery and make cloth in great quantities. It was some time before this "power-loom" came into general use, and several mills in the north in which it was placed were destroyed by mobs of angry workpeople. But in time it took its place in the wonderful "Industrial Revolution."

Now all these machines were very cleverly con-

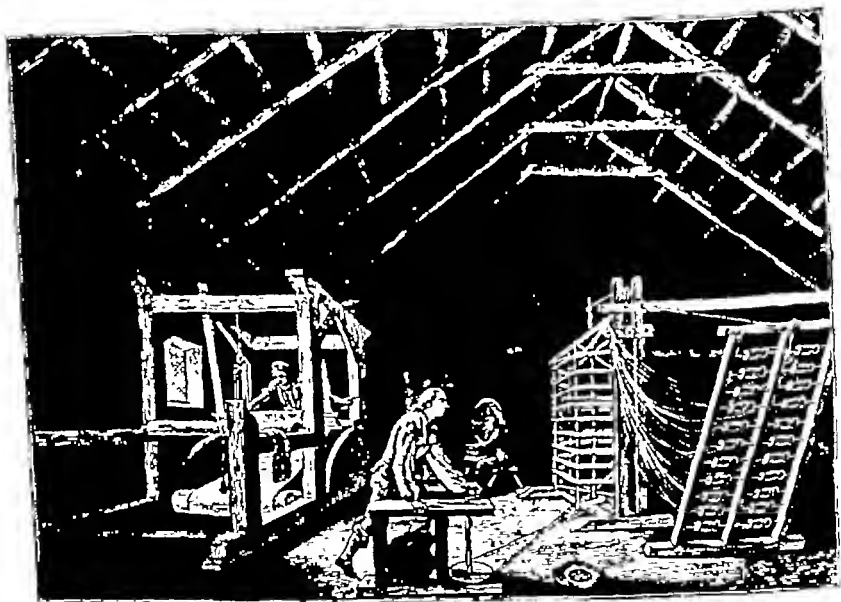
structed, but needed power to drive them. At first, as we have seen, water-power was used, and the mills were set up near the banks of the swift streams which pour down their waters on either side of the Pennine Upland in Lancashire and Yorkshire. But a new inventor now came along who changed all this, namely, James Watt, who, ten years after Wolfe's great victory, produced his steam-engine.

James Watt was a native of Greenock on the Clyde, and as a boy he was looked upon as a very dull dog indeed. He was, however, of very delicate health, which may account for his "dullness," but he was by no means dull when he found his way into his father's workshop and began to handle tools. He became a maker of mathematical instruments, and after some years settled at Glasgow. One day a steam fire-engine at the University broke down and in mending it Watt conceived several new ideas, which started him on the work of producing a steam-engine which would drive machinery.

We must not speak carelessly of Watt as the "inventor of the steam-engine." He found steam-engines in use, and he made a new one which was an improvement on any then existing, and which could be used to take the place of water-power in the mills of the North.

Now all this peaceful work had been going on

while Clive, Wolfe, the elder Pitt, the younger Pitt, Washington, and others had been engaged in the more showy work of governing and fighting. And when Nelson and the other sea-captains made the seas secure for our ships, it was possible to send our cottons and woollens to other lands in safety and exchange them for those things which we could not produce in this country. So the men of the sword and the men of the spindle were working hand in hand to make our country great and prosperous.



WINDING—WARPING—WEAVING BEFORE THE DAYS OF FACTORIES.



STORMING OF BADAJOS, MARCH 31, 1812.

*By W. Heath. (From an aquatint of the period.)*

## WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON

TEN years after Wolfe had obeyed the order to "take Quebec," two boys were born, one in Corsica, the other in Ireland, who were destined to make history. One was Napoleon Bonaparte, the other was Arthur Wellesley, known to fame as the Duke of Wellington.

Wellesley was once described by his mother as her "ugly boy, Arthur," who was, she said, only "fit food for powder." She lived in Brussels after her husband's death, and when her boy showed no inclination for ordinary school-work she sent him to a French military college, where he spent a great deal of his time amusing himself with his little terrier named Vic.

This was not a very promising beginning of a great career. But when Wellesley was sent to India in the service of his country he soon began to show his qualities as a brave soldier and leader. In this country he was really fighting Napoleon, for the French leader was trying to strike a blow at Britain by rousing the natives of India against her; and he fought with such success that the plans of the French were completely upset. Steadiness and coolness in the face of doubt and danger were the chief marks of his work as a leader. "I never saw a man," wrote one of his officers after a victory, "so cool and

collected as he was the whole time, though I can assure you, till our troops got orders to advance, the fate of the day seemed doubtful."

He had need of all his steadiness and perseverance in the next struggle with Napoleon, which took place in Portugal and Spain and is known in history as the Peninsular War. Napoleon had placed his brother upon the throne of Spain in defiance of the wishes of the Spanish nation, and in the year 1808, three years after Trafalgar, Wellesley was sent to Portugal to help the two nations of the Peninsula to drive out the French. Thus began the war in which the British army earned its reputation for dogged perseverance, and for the bravery which never knows when it is beaten.

You will find the names of the battles in this great war on many a monument, stained-glass window, tablet, and shot-riddled banner in our old cathedrals—Vimiera, Corunna, Talavera, Albuera, Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria—and the fame of these combats of a hundred years ago can never die. No task seemed too difficult for the British troops, not even the storming of the great fortress of Badajos on the Spanish frontier. "Sure," said the Connaught Rangers, "if we can get but a cavity in the wall, we'll be in, every bit of us." Twice the attackers were beaten back, and then General



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, JUNE 18, 1815.

*By J. A. Atkinson.*

Picton's men climbed the wall, and before day-break the strong fortress was in our hands.

After about four years of some of the sternest fighting in history, the brother of Napoleon left Madrid, and Wellington entered the city to be received by the Spanish people with the utmost joy. The rejoicings were little to his taste, however, perhaps because he knew that there was still much stern work before him; for the Peninsula was by no means free of the French troops.

Bit by bit they were driven back towards the Pyrenees, and made their last great stand at Vittoria. Here they were swept from the field with heavy loss in men and guns, as well as the plunder of Spain which they had collected during the past six years. The survivors took with them across the Pyrenees only the garments in which they stood.

Meanwhile Napoleon had been beaten in Russia and in Germany, and Wellington marched northward from the Pyrenees fighting all the way. He was bravely opposed by such armies as the French leaders could scrape together, and never did the soldiers of Napoleon fight so bravely as when the end of their great general's career was surely drawing near. For nine weeks Bonaparte kept his enemies back, though his soldiers were the rawest of recruits; but when Wellington and his Allies were under the

walls of Paris he gave up the great war game and was sent to the little island of Elba off the coast of Italy of which he was allowed to call himself "Emperor." Then the princes of Europe set to work to rearrange the map which the long wars had sadly upset.

"Then came the fêtes and the fireworks," says one historian. "The allied sovereigns visited Paris, where they might be seen walking arm-in-arm in the Bois de Boulogne. One day the Tsar Alexander and Frederick William of Prussia lost their way there, and asked an English officer to direct them, and when he, who did not know them by sight, asked 'whom he had been able to oblige' and was told 'the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia,' he thought these military 'looking gentlemen were making fun of him and answered pleasantly, 'Oh, if you come to that, I'm the Great Mogul.'"

But the fêtes and the fireworks came too early. In the discussion on the settlement of the map of Europe which followed the Allies were about to fall out among themselves when Napoleon made his escape from Elba—there is a story of an empty sugar-barrel—and landed in the south of France with 800 men. Then followed the famous "Hundred Days" of 1815. The French army flocked to the standard of Napoleon. The Allies forgot their differences and became allied

again, determined to put a more definite end to the career of "the Man of Blood."

[As I write these words, I can hear the newsboys calling out the varying fortunes of the great struggle which is raging in Belgium and northern France between Germany and "the Allies"; and the years 1914-1915 are repeating the strenuous events of 1814-1815, with a few changes among the actors in the great drama of war.]

Wellington was chosen Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces of England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, but in the fighting that followed the Austrians and the Russians had no time to take part. It fell to the lot of Britain and Prussia to settle the account with the troublesome French general, and the fighting took place in poor distracted Belgium, whose people must surely think that life on the edge of a volcano would be preferable to their own.

Napoleon decided to attack, and to do so at once. His large army was mainly composed of veterans; he had a splendid body of cavalry and nearly four hundred guns. The British and Prussian forces were largely made up of recruits, and Wellington said that he had "the worst army he had ever commanded." The Prussians were led by the old general, Blücher, who was beloved by his men, and was known to them as "Marshal Forwards."

Napoleon's plan was to prevent Wellington and Blücher from coming together, to drive the British to the coast and the Prussians to Liège, and then to march on Brussels. He defeated the Prussians and they fell back from Ligny. But at Quatre Bras Wellington drove back the French. Then the British general retired to Waterloo in order to protect Brussels, his retreat being covered and assisted by a fierce thunderstorm. Meanwhile the Prussians had rallied again and were marching to join the British.

But the Battle of Waterloo began before the Allied armies could come together. It was fought on a Sunday, June 18, 1815, and compared with modern battles the numbers engaged were comparatively small—about 63,000 men and 156 guns on our side, and about 68,000 men and 266 guns on that of the enemy. But the Prussians were expected by mid-day.

Napoleon launched his troops against the British in successive attacks, but again and again his men were beaten back. In his effort to break Wellington's centre, he sent forward fifteen thousand of his best cavalry; but the English squares held fast, although some of Wellington's army, chiefly Belgians who had no heart in the fight, fell back on Brussels.

When the battle was at its hottest Napoleon was surprised to see fresh troops coming up on the left



CHIESEA PENSIONERS READING THE NEWS OF WATERLOO.  
*from Wilkie's Picture painted in 1822.*

flank of the British. These were Blücher's Prussians, and as soon as their arrival was known the French general sent five thousand men of the Old Guard to make a desperate charge against the British centre. This attack was repulsed, the French fell back, the victors came charging after them, and the great day was won.

Napoleon made his way to Paris where Wellington and Blücher followed him. The French general then left the capital, made his way to the coast, and gave himself up to the captain of a British man-of-war. He was sent as a prisoner to the lonely island of St. Helena in mid-Atlantic, where he spent the last six years of his life. Then the monarchs set to work once more to rearrange the map of Europe.

The great Battle of Waterloo was thus modestly described by the conqueror in a letter to a friend :

" You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call ' gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery.

" I had the infantry for some time in squares, and

I had the French cavalry walking about as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well.

WELLESLEY."

Wellington rode his famous charger, Copenhagen, throughout that fateful day. "I rode him," he writes, "from four in the morning until midnight. If he fed it was in the standing corn, and as I sat in the saddle."

### OLD SARUM

COME with me on a journey from London of about an hour and a half to the old town of Salisbury on the banks of the Wiltshire Avon. We travel on the South Western Railway from Waterloo Station, named after the great battle, where the troops leave for abroad and to which many of the wounded are brought home. Indeed, as we move out, a Red Cross train runs in bearing shattered men, who, in this year of 1914, ninety-nine years after Waterloo, have been fighting near the same battlefield against the Prussians who fought on the side of Britain in that famous battle.

But for to-day we are going to see something which belongs to the past, though as we run swiftly along, we cannot help noticing how carefully this

main line with its many bridges is guarded by men in khaki. You see this is one of the great roads leading to London, and it connects the capital with the great military camp on Salisbury Plain.

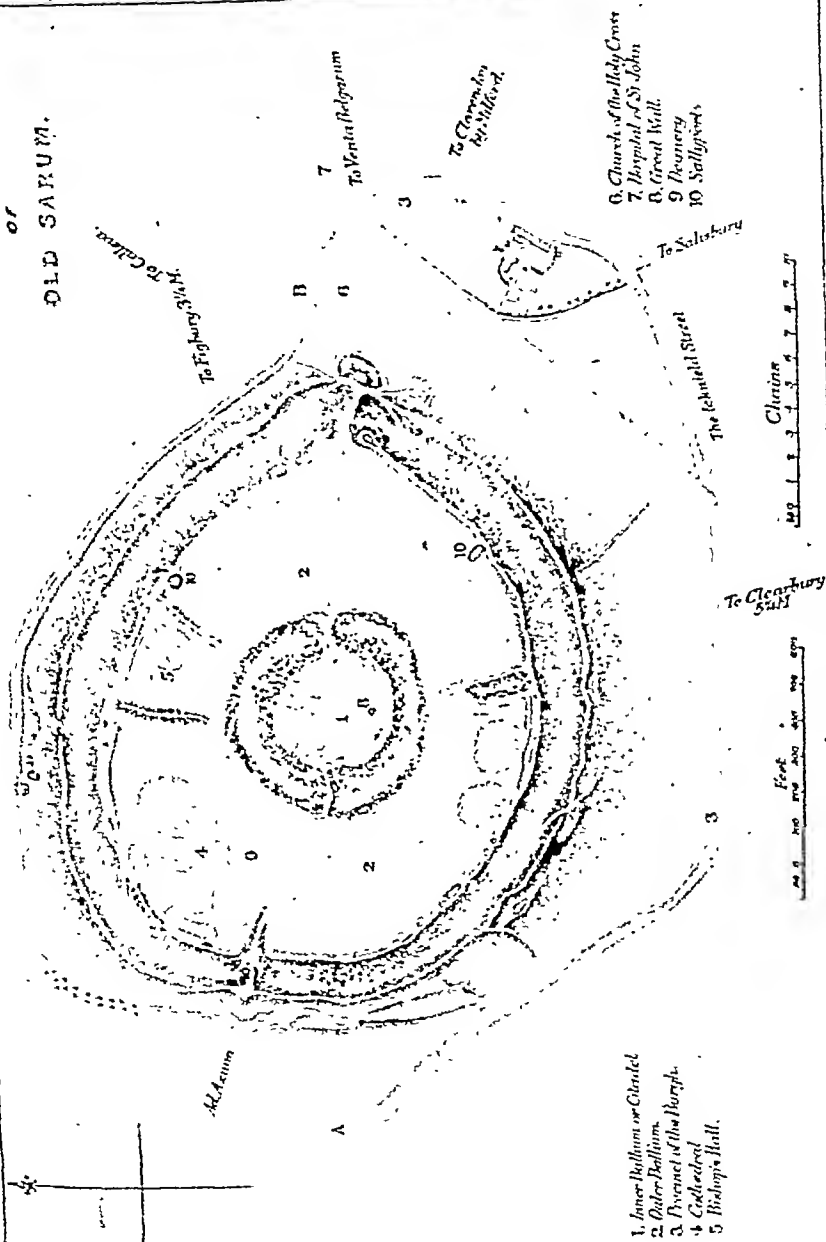
Moreover we are here in the neighbourhood of another great road which joined Winchester, the old capital of the country, with London, the newer capital ; not a railroad, of course, but a great highway for man and beast, which the motor-car is now making better known than it has been for many centuries.

But here we are near Salisbury, and the sun shines brightly on the green grass of the rolling chalk downs around the ancient city. High above the houses rises the cathedral spire, the loftiest and the most graceful in England ; and the place itself, except for its soldiers, is as quiet as most cathedral cities of our land.

As we move about, we feel that we are in an ancient place. Parts of the cathedral and its surrounding buildings are more than seven hundred years old ; and there are streets and houses in the city which carry back our thoughts for many centuries. You will be surprised, therefore, to learn that the real name of the city is New Sarum, and that not far away across the downs there is an *Old Sarum*.

It lies to the north of the " new " city, but when

PLAN  
of  
OLD SARUM.



1. Inner Ballium or Citadel
2. Outer Ballium.
3. Precinct of the Temple.
4. Colonnade
5. Bishop's Hall.

## China

To Clearbury

The Reinforced Steel

*Solubility*

To Clarence  
W. H. H. H.

7  
T<sub>2</sub> Verta Belgarum

To Fight..

W. A. R. 11111

Feet

OLD SARUM.

we come to it we find only a huge mound guarded by a ditch, with a hollow in the top like the crater of a volcano, set round with a steep wall. This forsaken place is Old Sarum, lonely and deserted now, but in past centuries one of the famous cities of western Europe.

It was a town and fortress before the English came to England and when the Druids worshipped at Stonehenge not very far away across the Downs. It was a royal town in Saxon times. In its castle, which stood in the centre of this mound, Alfred and other princes met the Wise Men to hold a council of war against the Danes—one of our first Parliaments. Edward the Confessor set up a Mint here to make English money, and then a cathedral whose bishops were famous for their learning and their valour; one of them put together a Service Book or Missal from which the English Prayer Book was made hundreds of years later.

The place seems small to have held a castle, a cathedral, a bishop's palace, and houses for the townsfolk. It lies in a bleak exposed position too, and it is not surprising to find that after William the Conqueror came the Normans found it uncomfortable and inconvenient—the water-supply was bad also—and went down into the sheltered valley of the Avon to build a New Sarum. So as the centuries passed

the old place fell into decay. The houses and walls formed a quarry for the buildings of the new city, and Old Sarum became first a ruin and then a mere memory of past greatness.

Yet when Edward I. called together his Parliament in 1295, Old Sarum sent two members to London—so great was its ancient fame! And for more than five hundred years after that time Old Sarum continued to send two members up to the Parliament in London—one of the last being William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who sent Wolfe to “take Quebec.”

You may fitly ask, “Who elected him? Was it the rooks or the peewits or the sheep, which show the only signs of life as we look around us across the chalk Downs?” He was not elected at all. His family had acquired the “right” of giving him a seat in Parliament for Old Sarum: and this kind of right was common in his time.

Clearly there was something wrong with the old idea that the nation should govern itself through its Parliament. Times had changed since the great Civil War when men had laid down their lives to win for the nation the right to govern itself.

Meanwhile, up in the Midlands and the north of England great towns were rising full of busy people whom the discoveries of the great inventors had ~~and~~

to work. But these towns sent no members to Parliament, while the mound at Old Sarum sent two! And other small towns which had once been large and busy places sent three or four each! It was high time that these matters should be set right, or to use the expression common at the time, that Parliament should be "reformed."

Chatham himself once a member for Old Sarum said in 1773, "Before the end of this century either Parliament will reform itself from within or be reformed with a vengeance from without." But the Duke of Wellington, who took to politics after Waterloo and became the king's Prime Minister, thought that things were quite perfect as they were.

Other leading men in the country, however, made up their minds during the peace which followed Waterloo, to set things right in Parliament in these matters and a few others. For not only did the heads of great families give away seats in Parliament to their sons and nephews, but in some cases these seats were sold to the highest bidder for sums like three or four thousand pounds. Those who had the right to vote were often paid sums of money or given presents to bribe them to vote for the friend of some rich man. Besides, the expenses of elections were so great that only very rich men could hope to become members of Parliament.

When you come to read the *Pickwick Papers* of Charles Dickens, you will be able to get some idea of the way in which an election was carried on in the days of which I am writing.

The man who took up the work of trying to set things right was Lord John Russell. He was a young man when Wellington was fighting in the Peninsula, and on his travels he visited Portugal and saw the great general at work. He formed a very high opinion of the splendid soldier which he kept all his life ; but when the general's fighting work was over, the two men found themselves on opposite sides in political matters.

Russell brought in a Reform Bill, the aim of which was to make Parliament more like a real council of the nation, to take away the members from places like Old Sarum, and give them to the new towns of the Midlands and the North. There were, however, many people who, like the Duke of Wellington, thought that things were all right as they stood, and among them were numbers of men who wished only to do the best for their country.

But the nation as a whole had made up its mind to have Russell's Bill passed, and the cry all over the country was for " the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." The House of Lords would not pass it. In Birmingham a huge society was formed

which swore to march on London and use force to get what they wanted. The whole nation was in a great ferment, and the victor of Waterloo ran some risk of being seriously hurt by an angry mob in London. It was only when he and his friends left the House of Lords refusing to vote on the Bill that it was finally passed.

So a new Parliament was called together which was more like a real council of the nation. It was not by any means perfect, for there were many intelligent people who were not allowed to have votes; and it could not be truly said that the old idea of the nation governing itself had even yet been realised—very far from it. But a great step had been taken in the right direction, and since that time other changes have been brought about which have made Parliament still more the voice of the people.

The Parliament of Britain is very largely the centre of the life of the nation. There was a minister of the Gospel named Richard Baxter, who lived in the time of the great Civil War, and who wrote a book called *The Saint's Everlasting Rest* which tells of the future happiness of those who have spent their lives as they ought to spend them. When this writer wished to give his readers some idea of what he described it as the "Blessed Parliament,"

in which John Hampden, John Pym, and other famous men were foremost figures.

The people of his time thought that this was going too far in admiration for Parliament, and when the book was printed again this passage was left out. But the fact that it was ever written shows how the people regarded the great council of the nation in the time of Cromwell. It was, however, no "Blessed Parliament" which Lord John Russell helped to sweep away. And the lesson of the story of Old Sarum is that as things change in the nation the Parliament of the country must change too, for what is good for one time is not good for another.

The idea is well expressed by our great poet Tennyson in words of which you will understand the meaning more and more as the years go by :

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

## PROGRESS IN PEACE

Look at the list of sovereigns on page 256 of this book. You will see that about the middle period of our history England was ruled by Queen Elizabeth, whose reign lasted forty-five years, one of the longest reigns of all. Near the end of our list comes the name of Queen Victoria, whose reign lasted sixty-one years. Both these long reigns were important periods in our national life, and each of these great queens saw wonderful advance in the progress of the nation. But while the reign of Queen Elizabeth was on the whole a time of storm and stress, that of Queen Victoria was chiefly a period of advance in the arts of peace.

It is not at all easy to gain any clear idea of the wonderful changes which took place in the life of the nation during the time that Queen Victoria reigned. But it is safe to say that from the time of her accession in 1837 up to the present time, the life of the people has changed more than it did during the thousand years that had gone before. Perhaps the best way to obtain some general notion of the great changes will be to take note of some of the things which our great-great-grandparents did not have but which we have to-day. We have seen that the work of inventing things had begun in the North before



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gas and electric light being unknown so far as the general public were concerned. Coal could only be had in the districts where it was mined, though some was sent by ship from Newcastle to London and was called "sea-coal" in consequence. There was no constant supply of water in ordinary houses, no cooking-stoves; no sewing-machines, no bathrooms with hot or even cold water, no sewers to the houses, and very few of the things which now make house-work comparatively easy.

There was no penny post, telegraph, or telephone. An ordinary letter would go by stage-coach, and the charge for carriage would be at least a shilling. The man who went a hundred miles from home was looked upon as a great traveller, and if a young man made his home at that distance from his parents they said good-bye to him as if he were going to China, for they knew that they would see and hear very little of him from that sad day.

There were no factories for making clothes, or furniture, carpets, wall-paper, candles, soap, jam, or biscuits; or for curing bacon and ham. These things were prepared in one's own home or native place. Nearly every country family spun its own wool and flax, and made its own thread and yarn and cloth. Clothes were made at home, though here and there one would meet with a hatter or tailor or cabinet-maker.

ordeal. The clumsy and unclean methods of the surgeons killed as many as disease. Fevers of several kinds were very common, and thousands of people died of complaints which can now be cured. There were no nurses on the battlefield, no hospitals, and very few surgeons; and the scenes after a battle can be more easily imagined than described. But I have no wish even to attempt to describe them.

There were very few printing-presses a hundred years ago, and most of those in existence printed very badly. There were also few newspapers, while such as there were did not print much news, and were, as a rule, issued once a week. Writing was done with a quill pen—the bony end of a feather plucked from a goose. There were no steel pens, no gold pens, no fountain pens, no cheap lead-pencils, no blotters, no typewriters.

Pictures in books were all printed from engravings made on hard wood. There were no photographs—even the name itself did not exist. If any one wished for a portrait of himself, he had to hire an artist to paint it.

A hundred years ago there were scarcely any amusements and recreations such as people enjoy to-day. There were very few theatres, and these were to be found only in the larger cities. There were a few circuses, but no moving pictures, no skating-

on for several hours at a time. Girls were also employed to carry heavy weights upon their shoulders. "I found a little girl," writes a visitor to a coal-mine, "only six years old carrying a four-stone weight, and making regularly fourteen long journeys a day."

In time these matters were set right, chiefly through the devoted work of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who earned the name of "the friend of the children."

I have only hinted at a few of the changes in daily life which were brought about for the most part in the reign of Queen Victoria, who was always ready to help in any good work. I have said nothing about the way in which men invented more and more terrible engines for killing each other in war, but the "progress" in this direction was as marked as in the ways of peace.